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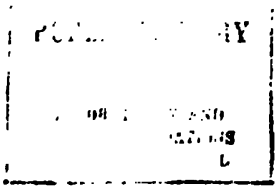
THE

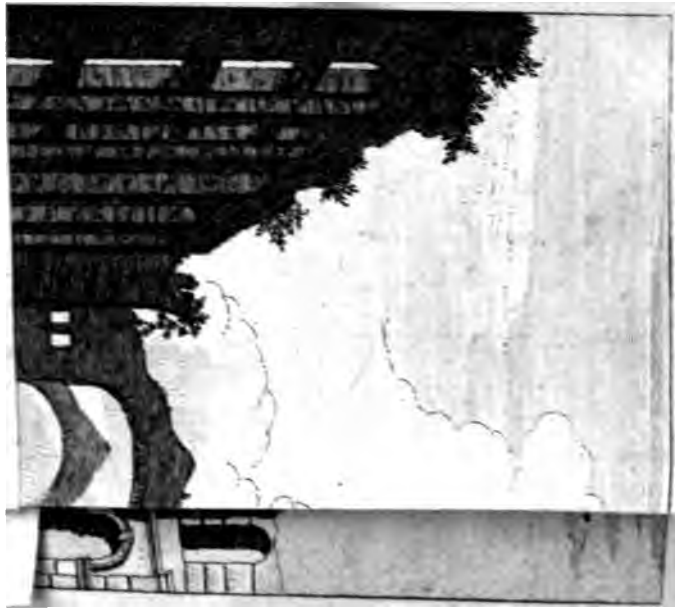
WORKS

OF

VOLTAIRE.

VOL. XXXIII.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH,

By T. SMOLLET M. D. T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and others.

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DISSERTATION the IIId.

Upon ENVY.

IF man is free, he o'er himſelf ſhould reign,
Attack'd by tyrants, ſhould their rage reſtrain.
Vices are tyrants of the human mind,
And we no vice more fierce and cruel find;
None more capricious, furious, and more baſe;
None which all goodneſs does ſo much efface;
None which envenoms more the human breaſt,
Or with dire rankling does ſo much infeſt;
Whoſe fierce attacks 'tis harder to controul,
Than envy, the tormentor of the ſoul.
Of pride and folly envy is the child,
Stubborn, perverſe, indocible, and wild:
Tho' ſprung from pride, he to appear declines,
At others ſhining merit he repines;
Like to th' giant, whom great Jove, in ire,
O'erwhelm'd with whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire;

Who, whilſt he panting lay, and rav'd below,
Strove to hurl back the flames againſt his foe.
At length he rav'd, impriſon'd under ground,
And efforts made to ſhake earth's pits profound;
Heav'd againſt Ætna, which his boſom preſs'd,
Ætna fell back, he was again oppreſs'd.
I oft have courtiers known, the dupe's of fame,
Ready to burſt at Villars' glorious name.
The arm they hated, which in fight prevail'd,
He fought for them, and they againſt him rail'd.
Juſtly a hero once to Lewis ſaid,
Taking the field, 'Verſailles alone I dread:
Defend me from my countrymen, I go
Fearleſs in diſtant realms to fight the foe.'
What anguiſh feels the mind from envy's blaſt?
In public joy it is with grief o'ercaſt.
You taſteleſs gueſts, to you fine food ſeems vile,
To poiſon 'tis converted by the bile.
Oh you who take the road that leads to fame,
Muſt none beſides you travel in the ſame?
Muſt each competitor incur your hate?
Would you thoſe eaſtern monarchs emulate,
Who make the ſlaviſh Aſiatics groan,
And cannot bear a brother near the throne?

When at the play-houſe ſome enticing bill
Makes love of novelty the play-houſe fill;
When in Alzira or Zenobia's part,
Pathetic Goſſin touches every heart;
Or when Dufrene * like thunder ſhakes the ſtage,
In acting Oraſmanes' jealous rage,
Tears at each ſtroke bedew the hearers eyes,
Tears which from trueſt ſatisfaction riſe:
The jealous Rufus hangs his drooping head,
Their joy conſtrains him tears of rage to ſhed.
If this diſtinction frail oh wretch forlorn!
If others bliſs thy envious heart has torn,
Of this vexation try thyſelf t'avail,
And ſtrive, by dint of merit, to prevail.
† *The haughty man* draws crowds on every night;
Does this afflict thee? Better ſtrive to write.
But if to pleaſe the audience you intend,
Your *Sires capricious* ‡ don't to Paris ſend;
Exotic characters ſuit not the age,
Think not to bring Rabelais upon the ſtage.

---

* Dufrene, a celebrated actor at Paris; Mademoiſelle Goſſin, a very graceful actreſs, who played Zara the firſt time the tragedy of that name was repreſented.

† A Comedy of Monſ. Deſtouches.

‡ The *Capricious Sires* was a comedy of Rouſſeau's, which ſo diſguſted the audience, that they would not ſuffer it to be acted through.

The burleſque writer few know how to bear,
Whoſe modern muſe aſſumes a gothic air;
And in ſome verſe, which antique guiſe diſplays,
Conceals his dulneſs by Marotic phraſe.
This ſtyle I would not in a tale reject,
But truth requires a tone of more reſpect.
A ſinner would'ſt thou to repentance call,
Bigot mix honey with thy ſermon's gall:
Aſſuming the inſtructor's arduous taſk,
Theu ape of virtue take a better maſk:
If rival of ſome eminent divine,
Envy him not; endeavour to outſhine;
Raiſe higher trophies to make his ſeem low,
Orpheus alone ſhould dare to hiſs Rameau;
Venus to criticiſe is Pſyche's right;
But why ſhould we in cenſure thus delight?
No beauty ſhe acquires who blames a face;
Was Bayle e'er hurt by the caballing race?
Tho' furious Jurieu aim'd prophetic lies
At Bayle, he's ſtill reſpected by the wiſe:
Fanatic Jurieu *, who 'gainſt Bayle declaim'd,
Is by the public with abhorrence nam'd.

* Jurieu was a proteſtant miniſter, who rav'd at Bayle for good ſenſe; he wrote like a fool, and counterfeited the prop

An author often proſtitutes his art,
Deſcending to the ſlanderer's low part.
He helps the levees of the great to fill,
Still ready his vile malice to diſtil:
Impiety's reproach he caſts on all,
Whoe'er maintains this planet is a ball;
Or ſays, that the ecliptic with the line
An angle makes, has ſome accurs'd deſign.
Malebranche is Spinoſiſt and Locke's Eſſay,
With Epicurus' errors leads aſtray.
Pope is a reprobate, whoſe impious pen
Preſumes to ſhew God's clemency to men;
An impious heathen who attempts to ſhew
That God loves all, that all is good below.
He is a wretch indeed who ſtill for pelf
Damns others; and would almoſt damn himſelf,
Who lets his venal, proſtituted page
And to the higheſt bidder ſells his rage:

He foretold that France ſhould undergo revolutions which never happened. It is univerſally known that Bayle was one of the greateſt men that France ever produced. The parliament of Toulouſe ſhewed him a great mark of diſtinction in ratifying his will, which, according to ſtrict law, ſhould have been ſet aſide, as that of a Hugonot: It was declared valid, as the will of a man who had enlightened the world, and been an honour to his country. The edict was publiſhed upon the report of Monſ. Senaux, counſellor of that parliament.

A ſatiriſt who reſents ſatiric ſtrains,
Whoſe dulneſs tires, who of the dull complains
Who cries true taſte is now from Paris flown,
Which no one's works prove better than his own:
In Boileau we excuſe ſatiric rage,
Some beauties pleaſe in the malignant page.
That bee had hony to aſſuage the grief
Of thoſe he ſtung, and give ſome kind relief.
But the unprofitable, ſtupid drone,
Who lives by doing dirty work alone,
All will to cruſh the hated inſect try
At once diſguſting to the ear and eye,
How great your frenzy raſh and envious band,
Ye rival painters whoſe preſumptuous hand
Dar'd the French Zeuxis picture to * deface,
And impiouſly prophan'd a ſacred place:
His pencil thus a new renown acquir'd,
The torn remains by all were more admir'd;
New luſtre is reflected on his name,
You are conſign'd to infamy and ſhame.
Men ſhould ſo low, ſo mean a vice deteſt;
A critick nobly once his ſenſe expreſt,

* Some painters, jealous of le Sueur's reputation, ſpoiled and defaced his pictures at the Carthuſian convent.

When

When mighty Richlieu ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain,
To vilify Corneille's immortal ſtrain;
Leſs bold than chaplain he the taſk declin'd,
Defects in ſuch a noble work to find,
With generous rage curſt envy he oppos'd,
And ſaid, I wiſh I had the work compos'd.
To France a journey when Bernini made,
He wonder'd at the ſkill Perrault * diſplay'd:
If France, ſaid he, has genious ſo ſublime,
I never ſhould have left the Latian clime.
'Tis merit others merit thus to own,
To a true genius envy is unknown.
What pleaſure from a generous temper flows!
How great, to ſay with truth, I have no foes!
In ev'ry brother's welfare I take part,
We're all united by one common art.
'Tis thus the earth with joy ſees woods ariſe,
Whoſe oak or fir-trees ſeem to threat the ſkies;
By the ſaps circulating juice they're fed,
Each root is deep as hell, in heaven each head.
The force of winds their ſolid trunks aſſails,
They bend and the fierce tempeſt's fury fails.

* Alludes to the frontiſpiece of the Louvre, the plan of which was given by Perrault.

Secure they flouriſh by each other's aid,
And over time itſelf triumphs the ſhade.
War at their feet the hiſſing ſerpents wage,
And the ſtain'd roots bear witneſs to their rage.

DIS-

DISSERTATION the IVth.

Upon Moderation in all Things, STUDY, AMBITION, and PLEASURE.

FOOLS by exceſs make vary'd pleaſures pall,
The wiſe man's moderate, and enjoys them all;
Pleaſure and buſineſs to combine he knows,
And makes joy terminate in due repoſe.
To all things no one mortal can aſpire,
From early youth to know was your deſire:
Nature's your book, you ſtrive with curious eye
In Nature more than others to deſcry,
Guided by reaſon nature try to ſound,
But ſet to curioſity a bound.
Stop on infinity's dread verge thy courſe,
And pry not into nature's awful ſource,
Reaumur and Buffon who with piercing ſight,
Athwart her veil diſcern'd truth's ſacred light,
Cannot by philoſophic proceſs ſtate
The wond'rous laws by which plants vegetate;

Was it e'er known to the profoundeſt ſage
Why panthers, tygers, and why aſpies rage?
Wherefore to man the dog ſtill lifts his eyes,
And licks his feeder's hand before he dies?
Why on a hundred legs, with motion ſlow,
Does yonder inſect ever trembling go?
Why does the reptile which entomb'd now lies,
Reviv'd, from thence with a new body riſe?
Why does it, crown'd like flame, aſcending ſpring,
And in the air expand its gorgeous wing?
Can even * Duſay, whoſe head with plans is fill'd,
Duſay in vegetables deeply ſkill'd,
Tell why the plant which ſenſitive we name,
Shrinks from the truch of man it's trembling frame?
Languid with ſickneſs, on your bed reclin'd,
From Sylva's eloquence relief you find,
He makes the tortur'd patient ceaſe to groan,
To him the happy art to pleaſe is known.
Can Sylva's ſelf the oeconomy explain
Which works digeſtion, and makes food ſuſtain?

---

* Monſ. Duſay was ſuperintendant of the King's garden, which had been very much neglected before he undertook the care of it; and which was afterwards ſo much improved by Monſ. de Buffon, that it became the admiration of ſtrangers. It contains, beſides the plants, a great variety of curioſities.

How

How the bile thro' ſo many channels flows,
How, by degrees, it's filtrated, and goes
To pour into my veins a purple tide,
By which both ſtrength and ſpirits are ſupply'd,
Which make the pulſe of life inceſſant beat,
And make the brain intelligence's ſeat?
Loſt in amaze, he lifts to heav'n his eye,
And bids you for the truth to God apply.
Return Maupertius to theſe realms of light,
From realms where half the year day's hid in night;
*You, who alone the praiſe of Newton ſhare,
Who know the truth, the truth to man declare.
You who forego in ſearch of knowledge eaſe,
Who traverſe mountains, and who paſs the ſeas,
Who could the mind and body's toil ſuſtain,
Who could our planets' figure aſcertain;
Who ſcan all nature's laws with minds profound,
The cauſe from whence attraction ſprings expound.
To men like you all nature's laws are known,
Tell me how, ſeated on his heavenly throne,
The great firſt mover can with pow'r controul,
Thoſe orbs which in the heav'ns inceſſant roll,

*Meſſieurs Maupertius, Clairant, La Mormier, and others, made a voyage to Torne, in the year 1736, in order to meaſure a degree of the meridian.

Direct

Direct their motions, make them gravitate
Towards each other with reſponſive weight?
Why towards the ſun is this our nether world
For ever pull'd, and round its axis hurl'd,
Why in twelve years does Jove the heav'ns go round,
Why of his day is ten hours ſpace the bound?
Theſe ſubtile diſquiſitions all are vain,
Mars meaſures heav'n, but nature can't explain.
Thus by ſure art, and by perſpective's law,
You may the front of ſome proud palace draw,
Its architecture's to the eye reveal'd,
The inſide of the ſtructure is conceal'd.
Why ſhould I grieve then, if my feeble ſight
Cannot pierce thro' this veil of darkeſt night?
I would not, like Empedocles, aſpire
To know the nature of fam'd Ætna's fire,
Who to walk o'er ſulphureous vaults preſum'd,
Who fire would know, and was by fire conſum'd.
Let then ambition's ſallies be repreſt,
It is the ruling paſſion of the breaſt.
The farmer-general rude, the magiſtrate
Who ſtruts with the imperious airs of ſtate,
All theſe to court, contempt to ſuffer go,
Contempt which they to all at Paris ſhew.

Even

ards ſometimes urg'd on by Phœbus' flame,
een deluded by that phantom fame,
ras Dyoniſius' humble gueſt,
Racine turn'd Janſeniſt careſt.
, in looſe and proſtituted lays,
ılyury and ſold Octavius praiſe.
ıt theſe pawn'd integrity for gain,
ulence and eaſe made light their chain;
', the ſage, with affluence liv'd bleſt,
ıraſps at all, is ſure to be diſtreſt.
'ho have introduc'd in Gallia's court
ɔaris' luxury and wanton ſport,
:ven on the down of eaſe reclin'd,
(ury dedicate the vacant mind,
antic men, who vainly bliſs purſue,
to enjoy it, and to know it too;
'e's the God from whom we claim our birth,
l'midſt the weeds and brambles of the earth.
:es are various in each vary'd ſtage
, and ſome we taſte when chill'd by age.
udently the ſoul ſhould feaſt on joy,
res are always tranſient ſoon they cloy.
t not to your ſenſes when they fail,
e perfumes which Flora can exhale;

Let

Let us not ſtrive of all joys to partake,
But let us pleaſure quit, for pleaſure's ſake;
Who labours hard true pleaſure ſtill obtains,
I pity him whom indolence enchains.
True wiſdom yields true happineſs below,
On earth no harveſts without culture grow:
Good by laborious ſearch muſt here be ſought,
Succeſs by induſtry alone is bought.
Behold Lucullus critic in nice fare,
To ſupper from the opera repair,
Pleaſure in luxury he hopes to find,
But vapours ſtill o'ercaſt his clouded mind.
His ſoul o'erwhelm'd, no rays of light pervade,
He ſleeps ſupine in dark oblivion's ſhade;
He graſps at joy, to rapture he aſpires
In vain; he's dead to pleaſure and deſires.
Careſt by eaſe, officious and o'er-kind
Pleaſure long ſince on ſloth's ſoft lap reclin'd:
Love, muſic, poetry, no more could pleaſe,
Man was enſlav'd by indolence and eaſe.
But God in pity to man's helpleſs kind
Labour with pleaſure, joy with pain's combin'd.
Awak'd by fear, man ſtrives his bliſs to gain;
Toil ever follows in fair pleaſure's train.

To charm by novelty be ſtill your care;
I ſpeak to you young lovers and the fair.
Subdu'd by ſenſe, and by deluſions vain,
Damon, the hop'd for bliſs, you can't obtain.
You think by Daphne's charms with love inſpir'd,
You ne'er can of her company be tir'd.
But tranſports laſt not in the human heart,
In time with tranſport you'll agree to part.
Who hope in conſtant converſe bliſs to find
Muſt greatly ſoar above the vulgar mind,
Such joy may be by ſouls ſuperior ſought,
From caprice free, with ev'ry virtue fraught;
Who live in friendſhip muſt in worth excel;
In hearts corrupted friendſhip cannot dwell.
Friendſhip divine thy influence we bleſs,
With thee we find a virtue in exceſs.
Heſt friendſhip ſhielded by thy heav'nly pow'r,
ew joys I taſte each ſeaſon, and each hour.
an by himſelf forlorn, if you aſſiſt,
force of love in others can exiſt.
he good man's idol, paſſion of the ſage,
iendſhip thy name ſhall conſecrate my page;
overn my heart, and o'er my verſe preſide,
ſpir'd by thee, to bliſs I'll mortals guide.

DIS-

DISSERTATION the Vi

Upon the Nature of PLEASURE.

HOW long ſhall bigots, by falſe zeal grown r
All human kind from Paradiſe exclude?
To virtue mortals ſhall they then excite,
By ſermon's which make even fair virtue fright?
Shall preachers then in Calvin's footſteps tread,
Who thinks God like himſelf by anger lead?
Some tyrant miniſter, elate and proud,
I ſee methinks amidſt a ſlaviſh crowd,
Dictate with ſavage air what rage inſpires,
A milder government my ſoul requires.
* Timon thinks virtue nothing loves below,
But Chriſtian's nature ſhould not ſure forego.

* This poem turns entirely upon the impoſſibility of man's ha any ſenſations entirely his own. All our ſenſations prove a G and all our agreeable ſenſations prove a benevolent God.

God's mercy I adore, revere his law,
Approach him mortals with a grateful awe.
Hark how you'r call'd by nature's voice benign,
Thro' joys and pleaſures to the power divine.
The treaſures of his wiſdom n'er were known,
Matter by motion he directs alone;
But man by pleaſure to conduct he knows,
Learn to enjoy the bliſs his hand beſtows.
Pleaſure exiſtence gave to human kind,
It actuates body, and inſpires the mind.
Whether ſoft ſlumbers cloſe your weary eyes,
Or morn to rouſe you gilds the orient ſkies,
Or if by hunger preſt, you ſeek for fare,
The painful waſte of labour to repair;
Or if by Cupid's genial pow'r you're led
To taſte the pleaſures of the nuptial bed;
In every circumſtance the power divine
Delights bleſt balm can with your wants combine.
Man is impell'd to act by joy alone,
All other motives are to him unknown.
Did not our ſouls alluring pleaſure draw,
Who would ſubmit to Hymen's rigid law?
What Beauty would not ſorely curſe her doom,
Condemn'd a child to carry in her womb,

To

To bear excruciating pangs and throws,
An infant nurſe, and feel a mother's woes!
His wayward imbecillity to ſhield,
And after to his youthful ſallies yield.
Enjoying Pleaſure in each ſtate and hour,
Mortals acknowledge God's eternal power.
But wherefore, ſaid I, in your joys alone?
Even in your woes God's wiſdom is made known
That ſenſe ſo quick of danger and of harm,
That guard for ever prompt to take the alarm,
Cries out inceſſantly of hurt beware,
Defend your lives, preſerve your health with care
No quarter ſelf love can with zealots find,
They ſtile it hell-born foe to human kind.
Wretches traduce not of God's gifts the beſt,
Love comes from Heaven, God means to make us
From ſelf to ſons, to countrymen deſcends
Our love; but moſt of all we love our friends.
Love like a ſoul can even our ſoul's inſpire,
They ſoar to Heaven above on wings of fire.
God gives to man at once ſevere and kind,
* Paſſions to raiſe to noble deeds the mind.

Th

* As moſt of the words of a language may be explained in more than one ſenſe, it may not be improper to apprize the reader

They're dangerous gifts, altho' 'twas Heaven that gave,
Th'abuſe deſtroys, the prudent uſe can ſave.
That mortal I do'nt pity, but admire,
Who knows to check by reaſon each deſire;
Who ſhunning man, to God devotes his mind,
Nor aſks to know perfidious human kind;
Who loving God with all his heart and might,
Shuns lawful pleaſures for more high delight.
If of his croſs he's proud, of faſting vain,
Yet ſtill in ſecret weary of his pain,
If he condemns the world from which he fled,
Rails at all tyes, and at the marriage-bed;
We do not in ſuch pride and rancour trace
The friend of God, but foe to human race;

---

by the word *Paſſions*, he ſhould underſtand ſtrong deſires which continue for any length of time, whatever be the nature of the good which they aim at. The word is derived from the Latin verb *patire*, to ſuffer, becauſe no deſire is unattended with pain; to deſire the poſſeſſion of any thing good, is to feel its abſence, and the firſt ſtep towards pleaſure, is the aſſuaging of that pain. The virtuous and the vicious are equally ſubject to thoſe lively and continued deſires, which go by the name of paſſions. They are never vices, but when render'd ſo by their object; a man's deſire to ſucceed in his profeſſion, conjugal love, parental affectation, a taſte for the ſciences, are paſſions, tho' there is nothing criminal in them. It were to be wiſh'd, that language could afford us words to expreſs theſe habitual deſires which are in themſelves indifferent, thoſe which are virtuous, and thoſe which are blameable; but there is not a language in the world which has terms capable of conveying all our ideas, and men are under a neceſſity of uſing the ſame word in different acceptations, juſt as the ſame tool is frequently uſed in works of a different nature.

Thro'

Thro' his auſterity and monkiſh ſpleen,
Regret of pleaſure he foregoes is ſeen.
Heaven which beſtow'd on every man a heart
To animate it, muſt deſires impart.
The modern ſtoick would each wiſh controul,
And of it's very eſſence rob my ſoul.
God, we are told, rules with an iron rod,
Like a fierce Turk obey'd at every nod,
Who hires to guard his brows from dire diſgrace,
Eunuchs, the outcaſts of the human race.
You who at nature level all your rage,
Have you not read the antient's moral page?
In Peleus's daughters, Peleus worn and old,
As in a glaſs, your folly you behold.
They thought both time and nature to ſubdue,
And youthful vigour in their fire renew:
They ſlew, and left him welt'ring in his gore,
The prime of life attempting to reſtore.
Stoicks herein behold your frightful form,
You nature murder, ſtriving to reform.
From uſe of good felicity muſt riſe,
Ruin from its abuſe, ſo ſay the wiſe.
Petronius's pleaſures I'd avoid no leſs,
Than Epictetus's auſtere exceſs.

Fatal to happineſs is either ſcheme,
Bliſs never yet was found in the extreme.
Declaimer ſubtile, I do'nt therefore ſay,
That man to all his paſſions ſhould give way;
I would this fiery courſer's ſpeed reſtrain,
And ſtem this torrent pouring o'er the plain,
Its headlong rage by banks and dams command,
Nor ſuffer it to overflow my land.
Winds purify the air, no tempeſt raiſe;
Scorch us not ſun, but light with kindly rays.
God to all beings that exiſt a friend,
Your care to inſtincts which you gave extend.
The taſte of friendſhip, ſocial tye of hearts,
The love of ſtudy, ſolitude, and arts;
Theſe are my paſſions, at all time my mind
Could in their charms attractive comfort find.
When on the banks of Mein two rogues in place,
Who often broke the laws of human race;
When two commiſſion'd thieves, by av'rice led,
Upon me all their rage malignant ſhed;
Then learned eaſe was my delight alone,
I cultivated arts to them unknown.
'Twas thus Jove's ſon his cares with muſic eas'd
His lowing herds when wily Cacus ſeiz'd.

He ſtill continu'd his harmonious ſtrain,
Thieves ſtrove to interrupt the ſong in vain.
That man is born to a propitious fate,
Who to the muſe his time can dedicate;
He from the tuneful art derives repoſe,
The muſe his anguiſh ſooths, diſpels his woes
He laughs at all the follies of mankind,
And from his lyre a ſure relief can find.

DISSERTATION the VIth.

Upon the Nature of MAN.

VIRTUE preſides ſtill over thy delights,
To thee ſhe by the charm of verſe invites.
Your ſtudy's man, that labyrinth you explore,
Your guide the clue of wiſdom's ſacred lore.
Aſham'd of ignorance to ſtudy man,
I ſtrive, myſelf, my being I would ſcan;
To ſatire Paſcal and Boileau inclin'd,
Have dipt their pen in gall and laſh'd mankind.
Leibnitz and Pope at once both learn'd and ſage,
Obſerve a medium in their moral page;
Wiſely the latent tracts of man explore,
And to the Deity ſublimely ſoar.
But nature's ways they ſtrove to find in vain,
Man is a riddle man cannot explain;
Upon the ſubject all their wit have ſhewn,
But ſtill the riddle's ſenſe remains unknown.

By proſtitutes, I know, and rakes profeſt,
The diſquiſition's treated as a jeſt.
At ſupper theſe looſe verſes read aloud,
Which charm the ſprightly, gay, unthinking crowd.
But ſtudy pleaſes when our mirth is paſt,
Reaſon ſucceeds to witty jeſts at laſt.
Upon ourſelves we turn a curious eye,
And into our own nature ſtrive to pry:
Thought is to thoſe who live in crowds unknown,
We ſeriouſly reflect when left alone.
With thee I fain would ſoar on wiſdom's wing
From this vile world to its eternal King.
That wond'rous chain diſcover, if you can,
Which links the heavens with earth, with angels man
That world of beings ſubject to one law,
Which Plato and which Pope in fancy ſaw.
In vain you preſs me, ſuch a great deſign
My Genius muſt in ſilent awe decline:
Gallic correctneſs all my flights reſtrains,
Ours are not free like Greek or Britiſh ſtrains.
'Tis Pope's to ſpeak, I am to ſilence bound,
Bachelors of Bourges may myſteries expound.
I've taken no degree, nor will engage
In fierce debate or war polemic wage.

Hear a recital with inſtruction fraught,
Which by * Fourmont may be a fable thought;
But which I in a Chineſe author found
Tranſlated by a Jeſuit profound.
A mouſe did once thus to another ſay,
O'er what a noble empire bear we ſway!
This palace deep foundation's erſt were laid
For us, for us by God theſe holes were made.
See you thoſe hams in yon vault cloſely pent?
By God they thither for our uſe were ſent.
Thoſe hills of bacon, an unfailing ſtore,
Shall laſt for us till time ſhall be no more.
A mouſe, great God, the Sages all declare
Creation's end: A work beyond compare!
Vicious are cats, to eat us much inclin'd,
But 'tis from error to reclaim our kind.
Not far a multitude of geeſe are ſeen,
Drawn up near woods and ſtreams upon the green;
Of pamper'd turkies, troops that ſtrut in ſtate,
And flocks that bend beneath their fleeces weight,
They cry'd, The univerſe is our's alone,
Whatever the Almighty made, we own.

* A man deeply vers'd in the hiſtory of China, as well as in the Chineſe language.

In the clear wat'ry image whilſt he graz'd,
The aſs his beauty ſaw, and was amaz'd.
He cries, For aſſes God has made the earth,
Man ſtill attends me, he's my ſlave from birth;
He curries, waſhes me, and, more, to pleaſe,
Builds my ſeraglio, for my joys purveys;
And happy to procure me ſoft delight,
Brings a ſhe-aſs to crown my bliſs at night:
Often I laugh when I behold him paſs,
With haughty airs, as if he were an aſs.
Man came the next, his plea was much the ſame,
He cry'd, Heav'n, earth, and elements, I claim:
To waſt me ocean rolls and winds ariſe;
To give me light, ſtars glitter in the ſkies;
Night's argent globe thro' heav'n's clear azure glides,
Encreaſes, wanes, and o'er the ſtars preſides;
O'er all preſides my vaſt, capacious mind,
In the wide univerſe too cloſe confin'd:
But tho' I'm oracle and maſter here,
I ſhould be rais'd to a more glorious ſphere.
The angels then, who in high heav'n controul
The wand'ring orbs, and teach them how to roll,
Exclaim'd, whilſt at their will they mov'd each ball,
God for our pleaſure has created all.

Then

Then earth with pity and with ſcorn they ey'd,
And laugh'd at mortals and at human pride.
Their ſecret thoughts were all to *Fien* * known,
He ſummon'd them before th' eternal throne.
Each vary'd being, angel, beaſt, and man,
All that compoſe th' Almighty's wond'rous plan,
You are my Creatures, I all call you mine,
You bear, ſaid he, *my character divine;*
To me you all, as to your center, tend;
For me you all were made, on me depend:
I rule at once o'er Nature, Time and Fate;
By me each being is aſſign'd its ſtate.
Imperfect creatures! you aſpire in vain,
In your own ſtations ſatisfy'd remain.
Man ſtill was diſcontented with his place,
Still at their lot repin'd the human race.
A learn'd Chineſe, grown old in fierce diſpute,
Who reaſon could by argument confute,
With old *Confucius* logic quite poſſeſs'd,
In form to God preſented his requeſt:
Why is my time a ſecond? Why my ſpace
A point? Why falls ſo ſoon the human race?

* God is called by this name in the Chineſe language.

Why am I not an hundred cubits high?
Why can't I travel ſwiftly thro' the ſky?
Why can't I teach the erring moon her way?
Why am I not awake both night and day?
Why can't I prove, enflam'd by amorous fire,
In one month, of a hundred ſons, the ſire?
Why, in one day, was all my ardours paſt?
Your queſtions, ſaid the God, will always laſt:
Soon will your doubts and ſcruples all be o'er,
For truth you muſt th' ideal world explore.
Even then an angel bore him from the place,
Far as the center of unbounded ſpace;
O'er ſuns, which circling planets ſtill ſurround,
Moons, rings and comets, which no limits bound:
A globe he enter'd, where the hand divine
Of nature's God had trac'd his great deſign;
The eye can there each real ſyſtem ſcan,
And of each ſyſtem poſſible the plan.
Now animating hopes the ſage inſpire,
He ſeeks a world made to his heart's deſire:
He ſought in vain; the angel made him know,
That what he wiſh'd could ne'er exiſt below;
For could man, giant-like, with heav'n engage,
Or rather war againſt right reaſon wage.

Had

Had God extended in this earthly ſphere
His life up to his twenty-thouſandth year,
This maſs of earth and water ne'er could find
Room for the overgrown, gigantic kind.
Reaſons like theſe the cavillers confound,
He owns, each being has its proper bound;
That 'tis a folly to aſpire below,
Since life and pleaſure both their limits know;
That man ſhould not of grief or toil complain,
And leſs of death, which frees him from his chain:
That he ſhould not fatigue the heav'nly throne,
Since to the Almighty change was never known.
Convinc'd, not ſatisfy'd, the ſage his flight
Bent to the earth, and own'd that all is right;
But ſtill he murmur'd, 'midſt the earthly throng,
A doctor never can be in the wrong.
More flexible was Matthew Garo's mind,
To praiſe for all things God his ſoul inclin'd.
Perhaps God erſt on men more wealth beſtow'd,
Perhaps their plains with milk and honey flow'd;
The night, perhaps, was lightſome as the day,
And winter bloom'd with all the flow'rs of May;
Whilſt man, the king of earth, in peace retir'd,
Wrapt up in ſelf, himſelf alone admir'd.

But let us reſt contented with our fate,
Our bliſs is ſuited to our preſent ſtate:
Againſt our maker murmurs muſt prove vain,
Mortals ſhould not the laws of God arraign:
Let us to ſerve him all our lives employ,
And gratefully the bliſs he gives, enjoy.
If to two days th' Almighty had confin'd
The time allotted to all human kind,
We ſhould to God thoſe two ſhort days conſign,
And conſecrate the time to love divine.
He who aſſiduous every call attends,
Never complains that life too quickly ends.
A man in little time may ſure live long,
This I could prove by reaſons very ſtrong;
But authors ſhould not to inſtruct aſpire,
Who ſpeaks too much is ever ſure to tire.
Thus did my muſe, in ſimple, artleſs ſtrain,
And various tones, ſtrive nature to explain;
Whilſt Frenchmen wander'd, and, with piercing eyes,
At Quito hop'd to ſee new ſtars ariſe;
Whilſt Maupertuis and Cleraut Europe prais'd,
And Lapland at their new meridian gaz'd;
Whilſt rival of the old Promethean fame,
Vacanſon brings to man celeſtial flame,

Boldly

Boldly to copy nature's ſelf aſpires,
And bodies animates with heavenly fires.
Remote from cities, on Parnaſſus ſhore
I paſs'd my days, intent on learned lore;
And from the ſphere, where Milton, unconfin'd,
At pleaſure rov'd, where pierc'd great Newton's mind,
I ſaw them ſoar, with emulation fir'd,
Genius ſublime and arts my ſoul admir'd;
Slanderers in me behold their foe profeſs'd,
Fanatics wild, informers I deteſt;
I know no envy, or perfidious art,
I worſhip God with pure and upright heart;
And tho' my body's with diſeaſes ſpent,
My active mind on ſtudy is intent;
I live convinc'd that while we here remain,
To hope for perfect happineſs is vain.

POEMS

UPON THE

DESTRUCTION of LISBON,

AND THE

LAW of NATURE.

With PREFACES, NOTES, &c.

The AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IF the queſtion concerning phyſical evil ever deſerves the attention of men, it is in thoſe melancholy events which put us in mind of the weakneſs of our nature; ſuch as plagues, which carry off quarter of the inhabitants of the known world; the earthquake which ſwallowed up four hundred thouſand of the *Chineſe* in 1699, that of *Lima* and *Callao*, and, in the laſt place, that of *Portugal* and the kingdom of *Fez*. The maxim, *whatever is, is right*, appears ſomewhat extraordinary to thoſe who have been eye-witneſſes of ſuch calamities: All things are doubtleſs arranged and ſet in order by providence, but it has long been too evident, that its ſuperintending power has not diſpoſed them in ſuch a manner as to promote our temporal happineſs.

When the celebrated *Pope* publiſhed his *Eſſay on Man*, and expounded in immortal verſe the ſyſtems of *Leibnitz*, Lord *Shafteſbury*, and Lord *Bolingbroke*, his

his ſyſtem was attacked by a multitude of divines of a variety of different communions: They were ſhocked at the novelty of the propoſitions, *whatever is, is right*; and that *man always enjoys that meaſure of happineſs which is ſuited to his being.* There are few writings that may not be condemned, if conſidered in one light, or approv'd of, if conſidered in another. It would be much more reaſonable to attend only to the beauties and improving parts of a work, than to endeavour to put an odious conſtruction upon it; but it is one of the imperfections of our nature to put a bad interpretation upon whatever has a dubious ſenſe, and to run down whatever has been ſucceſsful.

In a word, it was the opinion of many, that the axiom, *whatever is, is right*, was ſubverſive of all our receiv'd ideas. If it be true, ſaid they, that whatever is, is right, it follows that human nature is not degenerated. If the general order requires that every thing ſhould be as it is, human nature has not been corrupted, and conſequently could have had no occaſion for a redeemer. If this world, ſuch as it is, be the beſt of ſyſtems poſſible, we have no room to hope for a happy future ſtate. If the various evils by which man is overwhelm'd, end in general good, all civiliz'd nations

have

have been wrong in endeavouring to trace out the origin of moral and phyſical evil. If a man devour'd by wild beaſts, cauſes the well-being of thoſe beaſts, and contributes to promote the orders of the univerſe; if the misfortunes of individuals are only the conſequence of this general and neceſſary order, we are nothing more than wheels which ſerve to keep the great machine in motion; we are not more precious in the eyes of God, than the animals by whom we are devour'd.

Theſe are the inferences which were drawn from Mr. *Pope*'s poem; and theſe very concluſions increas'd the ſale and ſucceſs of the work. But it ſhould have been ſeen in another point of view. Readers ſhould have conſidered the reverence for the Deity, the reſignation to his ſupreme will, the uſeful morality, and the ſpirit of toleration, which breath thro' this excellent poem. This the publick has done, and the work being tranſlated by men equal to the taſk, has completely triumph'd over criticks, tho' it turn'd upon matters of ſo delicate a nature.

It is the nature of over violent cenſurers to give importance to the opinions which they attack. A book is rail'd at on account of its ſucceſs, and a thouſand errors are imputed to it. What is the conſequence of

this?

this? Men disgusted with these invectives, take for truths the very errors which these criticks think they have discover'd. Cavillers raise phantoms on purpose to combat them, and indignant readers embrace these very phantoms.

Criticks have declar'd, that *Pope* and *Leibnitz* maintain the doctrine of fatality: the partizans of *Leibnitz* and *Pope*, have said on the other hand; if *Leibnitz* and *Pope* have taught the doctrine of fatality, they were in the right, and all this invincible fatality we should believe.

Pope had advanc'd, that *whatever is, is right*, in a sense that might very well be admitted, and his followers maintain the same proposition in a sense that may very well be contested.

The author of the poem upon the Destruction of Lisbon, does not write against the illustrious *Pope*, whom he always lov'd and admir'd; he agrees with him in almost every particular, but compassionating the misery of man; he declares against the abuse of the new maxim, *whatever is, is right*. He maintains that antient and sad truth acknowleg'd by all men, that *there is evil upon earth*; he acknowledges, that the words, *whatever is, is right*, if understood in a positive

sense,

nſe, and without any hopes of a happy future ſtate, ly inſult us in our preſent miſery.

If when *Liſbon*, *Moquinxa*, *Tetuan*, and other cities ere ſwallow'd up with a great number of their inhaitants in the month of *November* 1759, Philoſophers ad cry'd out to the wretches, who with difficulty ſcap'd from the ruins, *all this is productive of general ood*; *the heirs of thoſe who have periſh'd will increaſe heir fortune*; *maſons will earn money by rebuilding the ouſes*; *beaſts will feed upon the carcaſes buried under the uins, it is the neceſſary effect of neceſſary cauſes, your articular misfortune is nothing, it contributes to univerſal ood.* Such an harangue would doubtleſs have been as ruel as the earthquake was fatal, and all that the author of the poem upon the Deſtruction of *Liſbon* has aid, amounts only to this.

He acknowledges with all mankind, that there is vil as well as good upon the earth: he owns, that no hiloſopher has ever been able to explain the nature of ioral and phyſical evil. He aſſerts, that Bayle, the reateſt maſter of the art of reaſoning that ever wrote, as only taught to doubt, and that he combats himſelf; e owns, that man's underſtanding is as weak as his life s miſerable. He lays a conciſe abſtract of the ſeveral differ-

different ſyſtems before his readers. He ſays, that Revelation alone can untie the great knot which philoſophers have only rendered more puzzling; and that nothing but the hope of our exiſtence being continued in a future ſtate can conſole us under our preſent misfortunes; that the goodneſs of Providence is the only aſylum in which man can take refuge in the darkneſs of reaſon, and in the calamities to which his weak and frail nature is expoſed.

P. S. Readers ſhould always diſtinguiſh between the objections which an author propoſes to himſelf, and his anſwers to thoſe objections, and ſhould not miſtake what he refutes for what he adopts.

ADVERTISEMENT *occaſion'd by the following paſſage of the above Preface: when the illuſtrious* Pope *expounded in his immortal Verſe, the ſyſtems of Lord* Shafteſbury *and Lord* Bolingbroke, *&c.*

Perhaps Mr. *Pope*'s ſyſtem was never before looked upon as the ſame with Lord *Shafteſbury*'s; it is, however, an inconteſtable truth that it is ſo: the whole phyſical part of it is to be met with, word for word, in the firſt part of the chapter, entitled, The Moraliſts,

ſection

ction the firſt, beginning with, *Much is alledged in nſwer to ſhew*, &c. *Many anſwers have been made to beſe complaints of the defects of nature. How can ſhe ave come ſo faulty and impotent out of the hands of a per-ect being? But I deny that ſhe is faulty,—her beauty is he reſult of contrarieties, and univerſal harmony ſprings rom a perpetual combat. . . . Every thing that exiſts muſt e ſacrificed to ſomething elſe; vegetables to animals, ani-als to the earth . . . . and the laws of central power and egetation which gives the celeſtial bodies their weight and ction, will not be put in confuſion for the ſake of a vretched and weak animal, who tho' protected by thoſe ws, will ſoon be reduc'd to duſt by them.* This is ad-irable, yet notwithſtanding this, Mr. *Clarke*, in his reatiſe upon the exiſtence of God has declared, *That in he rank which the human ſpecies is plac'd in this preſent tate, the order of things is inverted.* page 20. vol. ii. econd edition, tranſlated by Mr. *Ricotie:* Man may otwithſtanding ſay, I ſhould be as dear to my maſter, that am a ſenſible and thinking being, as the planets hich are probably without ſenſation; the affairs of this orld might be otherwiſe notwithſtanding this, ſince re are told, that order has been perverted, and will be e-eſtabliſhed: notwithſtanding this, moral and phyſi-

cal

cal evil may be things incomprehenſible to the hum
mind: notwithſtanding this, *Pope* and *Shafteſbu*
maxim, *whatever is, is right*, may be juſtly call'd
queſtion. The moral part of *Pope*'s Eſſay on Ma
likewiſe to be found entire in *Shafteſbury*, in the enq
into the nature of moral virtue, at the beginning of
ſecond volume of the Characteriſticks. Therein
author lays it down as a maxim, that particular inte
well underſtood, conſtitutes the general intereſt.

It is not only poſſible to love the public good
well as our own, but the latter ſort of love is inſe
rably connected with the former. The words of L
Shafteſbury are: *To be well affected towards the p*
intereſt and one's own, is not only conſiſtent, but inſepar
This he makes it his buſineſs to prove through
whole book; and this is the baſis of the moral pa
Pope's Eſſay on Man. He concludes it by affer

That reaſon, paſſion anſwers one great aim,
That true ſelf-love and ſocial are the ſame.

Reaſon and paſſion conſpire to produce the great
which the Deity has in view. True ſelf-love
ſocial love are, in effect, the ſame.

Such excellent morality much more forcibly inculcated in *Pope* than *Shafteſbury*, always gave high ſatiſfaction to the author of the Poems upon the Deſtruction of Liſbon, and the Law of Nature: For this reaſon he ſpeaks of the former in theſe terms,

Mais Pope *approfondit ſi qu'ils ont effleuré,*
Et l'homme avec lui apprend a ve connoître.

Lord *Shafteſbury* farther proves, that the perfection of virtue muſt ſpring from the belief of a God. His words are, *and thus perfection of virtue muſt be owing to the belief of a God.*

It is moſt probable that theſe are the words which have induced ſome perſons to look upon *Shafteſbury* as an atheiſt. If they had read his work with care, they would not have caſt ſuch an aſperſion upon a Peer of *England*, and a philoſopher educated by the ſagacious *Locke*.

'Twas in the ſame manner Father *Hardouin* treated *Paſcal*, *Mallebranche*, and *Arnaud* as atheiſts. Thus did Dr. *Lange* repreſent the reſpectable *Wolfius* as an atheiſt, for having ſpoken well of the morality of the *Chineſe*: And *Wolfius* having alledged, in his vindication, the teſtimony of the Jeſuits miſſionaries to *China*, the anſwer made by the Doctor was, *Does not every body know that*

that the Jeſuits are atheiſts? Thoſe who lamented the affair of the devils of *Loudun*, which was ſuch a diſgrace to human nature, thoſe who were ſcandalized that a monk conducting *Urbain Grandier* to execution ſhould ſtrike him with an iron crucifix, were called atheiſts by the whole order. Thoſe of the ſect of Convulſionaries declared, in printed books, that all who made a jeſt of their convulſions, were no better than atheiſts: and the Moliniſts have a hundred times given the ſame appellation to the Janſeniſts. About twenty years ago, when an author of reputation wrote upon inoculating for the ſmall-pox, an author never before heard of, expreſſed himſelf in the following terms, No one but an atheiſt, infected by the follies of the *Engliſh*, could be ſo mad as to adviſe his countrymen to incur an unavoidable diſeaſe, for the hope of a precarious cure.

The author of the Eccleſiaſtical Journal, who has ſo long enjoyed a plenary indulgence of writing againſt government, law, and reaſon, has, in one whole ſheet, exerted himſelf to the utmoſt to prove that Monſ. *de Monteſquieu* was an atheiſt; and in another, that he was a Deiſt.

St. *Sorlin des Maretz*, known to the world by the Poem of *Clovis*, and by his fanaticiſm, one day ſeeing

La

La Mothe le Vayer, privy counſellor and preceptor to the king's brother, paſs through the gallery of the *Louvre*, cried out: *There goes a man who has no ſenſe of religion*; *La Mothe* turned about, and made him this anſwer, *Friend, I have too much religion to be of yours.* To conclude, the odious and ridiculous practice of accuſing all who are not exactly of the ſame ſentiments with us of atheiſm, has contributed more than any other cauſe whatever to render controverſy contemptible to all *Europe*.

POEM

POEM

UPON THE

DESTRUCTION of LISBON:

OR,

An Inquiry into the Maxim, *Whatever is, is right.*

OH wretched man, earth fated to be curſt;
Abyſs of plagues, and miſeries the worſt!
Horrors on horrors, grief on griefs muſt ſhew,
That man's the victim of unceaſing woe,
And lamentations which inſpire my ſtrain,
Prove that philoſophy is falſe and vain.
Approach in crowds, and meditate awhile
On ſhatter'd walls, and view each ruin'd pile,
Women and children heap'd up mountain high,
Limbs cruſh'd which under pond'rous marble lie;

Wretches

Wretches unnumber'd in the pangs of death,
Who mangl'd, torn, and panting for their breath,
Bury'd beneath their ſinking roofs expire,
And end their wretched lives in torments dire.
Say, when you hear their piteous, half-form'd cries,
Or from their aſhes ſee the ſmoak ariſe,
Say, will you then eternal laws maintain,
Which God to cruelties like theſe conſtrain?
Whilſt you theſe facts replete with horror view,
Will you maintain death to their crimes was due?
And can you then impute a ſinful deed
To babes who on their mothers boſoms bleed?
Was then more vice in fallen Liſbon found,
Than Paris, where voluptuous joys abound?
Was leſs debauchery to London known,
Where opulence luxurious holds her throne?
Earth Liſbon ſwallows; the light ſons of France
Protract the feaſt, or lead the ſprightly dance.
Spectators who undaunted courage ſhew,
While you behold your dying brethrens woe;
With ſtoical tranquillity of mind
You ſeek the cauſes of theſe ills to find;
But when like us Fate's rigours you have felt,
Become humane like us you'll learn to melt.

When the earth gapes my body to entomb,
I juſtly may complain of ſuch a doom.
Hem'd round on every ſide by cruel fate,
The ſnares of death, the wicked's furious hate,
Prey'd on by pain and by corroding grief
Suffer me from complaint to find relief.
'Tis pride, you cry, ſeditious pride that ſtill,
Aſſerts mankind ſhould be exempt from ill.
The awful truth on Tagus banks explore,
Rummage the ruins on that bloody ſhore,
Wretches interr'd alive in direful grave
Aſk if pride cries, *good Heaven thy creatures ſave.*
If 'tis preſumption that makes mortals cry,
Heaven on our ſufferings caſt a pitying eye.
All's right, you anſwer, the eternal cauſe
Rules not by partial, but by general laws.
Say what advantage can reſult to all,
From wretched Liſbon's lamentable fall?
Are you then ſure, the power which could create
The univerſe and fix the laws of fate,
Could not have found for man a proper place,
But earthquakes muſt deſtroy the human race?
Will you thus limit the eternal mind?
Should not our God to mercy be inclin'd?

Cannot then God direct all nature's courſe?
Can power almighty be without reſource?
Humbly the great Creator I intreat,
This gulph with ſulphur and with fire replete,
Might on the deſerts ſpend its raging flame,
God my reſpect, my love weak mortals claim;
When man groans under ſuch a load of woe,
He is not proud, he only feels the blow.
Would words like theſe to peace of mind reſtore
The natives ſad of that diſaſt'rous ſhore?
Grieve not, that others bliſs may overflow,
Your ſumptuous palaces are laid thus low;
Your burn'd towers ſhall other hands rebuild;
With multitudes your walls one day be fill'd;
Your ruin on the North ſhall wealth beſtow,
For general good from partial ills muſt flow;
You ſeem as abject to the ſov'reign power,
As worms which ſhall your carcaſes devour.
No comfort could ſuch ſhocking words impart,
They'd only wound the ſad, afflicted heart.
When I lament my preſent wretched ſtate,
Alledge not the unchanging laws of fate;
Urge not the links of the eternal chain,
'Tis falſe philoſophy and wiſdom vain.

The God who holds the chain can't be enchain'd *;
By his bleſt will are all events ordain'd:

He's

* The univerſal chain is not, as ſome have thought, a regular gradation which connects all beings. There is, in all probability, an immenſe diſtance between man and beaſt, as well as between man and ſubſtances of a ſuperior nature; there is likewiſe an infinity between God and all created beings whatever. There are none of theſe inſenſible gradations in the globes which move round our ſun in their ſeveral periods, whether we conſider their maſs, their diſtances, or their ſatellites.

If we may believe Pope, man is not capable of diſcovering the reaſon why the ſatellites of Jove are leſs than Jove himſelf; he is herein miſtaken, ſuch an error as this may well be overlooked in ſo fine a genius. Every ſmatterer in mathematics could have told Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, that if the ſatellites of Jove had equalled him in magnitude, they could not have moved round him; but no mathematician is able to diſcover the regular gradation in the bodies of the ſolar ſyſtem.

It is not true, that the world could not ſubſiſt if a ſingle atom was taken from it: This was juſtly obſerved by Mr. Crouzaz, a learned geometrician, in a tract which he wrote againſt Pope. He ſeems to have been right in this point, though he was fully refuted by Mr. Warburton and Mr. Silhouette.

The concatenation of events was admitted and defended with the utmoſt ingenuity by the celebrated philoſopher Leibnitz; it is worth explaining. All bodies and all events depend upon other bodies and other events. That cannot be denied; but all bodies are not eſſential to the ſupport of the univerſe, and the preſervation of its order; neither are all events neceſſary in the general ſeries of events. A drop of water, a grain of ſand more or leſs, can cauſe no revolution in the general ſyſtem. Nature is not confined to any determinate quantity, or any determinate form. No planet moves in a curve compleatly regular; there is nothing in nature of a figure exactly mathematical: no fixed quantity is required for any operation: Nature is never very ſtrict or rigid in her method of proceeding. It is, therefore, abſurd to advance, that the removal of an atom from the earth might be the cauſe of its deſtruction.

This holds, in like manner, with regard to events. The cauſe of every event is contained in ſome precedent event; this no philo-

 ſopher

He's just, nor easily to wrath gives way,
* Why suffer we beneath so mild a sway:

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losopher has ever called in question. If Cæsar's mother had never gone through the Cæsarian operation, Cæsar had never subverted the commonwealth; he could never have adopted Octavius, and Octavius could never have chosen Tiberius for his successor in the empire. The marriage of Maximilian with the heiress of Burgundy and the Low Countries, gave rise to a war which lasted two hundred years. But Cæsar's spitting on the right or left side, or the dutchess of Burgundy's dressing her head in this manner or in that, could have altered nothing in the general plan of Providence.

It follows, therefore, that there are some events which have consequences, and others which have none. Their chain resembles a genealogical tree, some branches of which disappear at the first generation, whilst the race is continued by others. There are many events which pass away without ever generating others. Thus in every machine there are some effects indispensably necessary towards producing motion, and others which are productive of nothing at all. The wheels of a coach make it go; but whether they raise more or less dust, the journey is finished alike. Such is the general order of the world, that the links of the chain would not be in the least discomposed by a small increase or diminution of the quantity of matter, or by an inconsiderable deviation from regularity.

The chain is not in an absolute *plenum*; it has been demonstrated, that the celestial bodies perform their revolutions in an unresisting medium. Every space is not filled. It follows then, that there is not a progression of bodies from an atom to the most remote fixed star. There may of consequence be immense intervals between beings endued with sensation, as well as between those that are not. We cannot then be certain, that man must be placed in one of these links joined to another by an uninterrupted connection. *All things are linked together* means only that all things are regularly disposed in their proper order. God is the cause and the regulator of that order. Homer's Jupiter was the slave of destiny; but, according to more rational philosophy, God is the master of destiny. *See Clarke's Treatise upon the Existence of God.*

* Sub Deo justo nemo miser nisi mereatur. St. Augustin. The meaning of this ipse dixit of the Saint is, no one is miserable under the government of a just God, without deserving to be so.

This

This is the fatal knot you ſhould untie,
Our evils do you cure when you deny?
Men ever ſtrove into the ſource to pry,
Of evil whoſe exiſtence you deny.
If he whoſe hand the elements can wield,
To the winds force makes rocky mountains yield;
If thunder lays oaks level with the plain,
From the bolts' ſtrokes they never ſuffer pain.
But I can feel, my heart oppreſs'd demands
Aid of that God who form'd me with his hands.
Sons of the God ſupreme to ſuffer all
Fated alike; we on our father call.
No veſſel of the potter aſks, we know,
Why it was made ſo brittle, vile, and low?
Veſſels of ſpeech as well as thought are void;
The urn this moment form'd and that deſtroy'd,
The potter never could with ſenſe inſpire,
Devoid of thought it nothing can deſire.
The moraliſt ſtill obſtinate replies,
Other's enjoyments from your woes ariſe,
To numerous inſects ſhall my corps give birth,
When once it mixes with its mother earth:
Small comfort 'tis that when Death's ruthleſs power
Cloſes my life, worms ſhall my fleſh devour.

Remembrancers of miſery refrain
From conſolation, you increaſe my pain:
Complaint, I ſee, you have with care repreſt,
And proudly hid your ſorrows in your breaſt.
But a ſmall part I no importance claim
In this vaſt univerſe, this gen'ral frame;
All other beings in this world below
Condemn'd like me to lead a life of woe,
Subject to laws as rigorous as I,
Like me in anguiſh live and like me die.
The vulture urg'd by an inſatiate maw,
It's trembling prey tears with relentleſs claw:
This it finds right, endu'd with greater powers
The bird of Jove the vulture's ſelf devours.
Man lifts his tube, he aims the fatal ball
And makes to earth the tow'ring eagle fall;
Man in the field with wounds all cover'd o'er,
Midſt heaps of dead lies welt'ring in his gore,
While birds of prey the mangled limbs devour,
Of Nature's Lord who boaſts his mighty pow'r.
Thus the world's members equal ills ſuſtain,
And periſh by each other born to pain:
Yet in this direful chaos you'd compoſe
A gen'ral bliſs from individuals woes?

Oh worthleſs bliſs! in injur'd reaſon's ſpight,
With fault'ring voice you cry, What is, is right.
The univerſe confutes your boaſting vain,
Your heart retracts the error you maintain.
Men, beaſts, and elements know no repoſe
From dire contention; earth's the ſeat of woes:
We ſtrive in vain its ſecret ſource to find,
s ill the gift of our Creator kind?
)o then fell Typhon's * curſed laws ordain
)ur ill, or Arimanius † doom to pain?
hock'd at ſuch dire chimeras, I reject
lonſters which fear could into Gods erect.
ut how conceive a God, the ſource of love,
/ho on man laviſh'd bleſſings from above,
hen would the race with various plagues confound,
n mortals penetrate his views profound?
could not from a perfect being ſpring,
or from another ‡, ſince God's ſov'reign king;
nd yet, ſad truth! in this our world 'tis found,
'hat contradictions here my ſoul confound!

* The author of evil according to the ancient Egyptians.
† The author of evil according to the ancient Perſians.
‡ From another principle.

A God once dwelt on earth amongst mankind,
Yet vices still lay waste the human mind *;
He could not do it, this proud sophist cries,
He could, but he declin'd it, that replies;
He surely will, ere these disputes have end,
Lisbon's foundations hidden thunders rend,
And thirty cities shatter'd remnants fly,
With ruin and combustion thro' the sky,
From dismal Tagus's ensanguin'd shore,
To where of Cadiz' sea the billows roar.
Or man's a sinful creature from his birth,
And God to woe condemns the sons of earth;
Or else the God who being rules and space
Is touch'd with pity for the human race,
Is [illegible], both from love and anger free,
[illegible] consistent to his first decree:
Or matter has defects which still oppose
God's will, and thence all human evil flows;
Or else this transient world by mortals trod,
Is but a passage that conducts to God †.

* [illegible] philosopher has maintained, that the physical world should have been new formed at the first coming of Christ, [illegible]

† These and the foregoing lines contain, besides the hypothesis [illegible] principles, one of good, and the other of evil, [illegible] the human mind upon this abstruse [illegible] that can enlighten the mind in matters above our comprehension.

Our

Our tranſient ſuff'rings here ſhall ſoon be o'er,
And death will land us on a happier ſhore.
But when we riſe from this accurſt abyſs,
Who by his merit can lay claim to bliſs?
Dangers and difficulties man ſurround,
Doubts and perplexities his mind confound.
To nature we apply for truth in vain,
God ſhould his will to human kind explain.
He only can illume the human ſoul,
Inſtruct the wiſeman, and the weak conſole.
Without him man of error ſtill the ſport,
Thinks from each broken reed to find ſupport.
Leibnitz can't tell me from what ſecret cauſe
In a world govern'd by the wiſeſt laws,
Laſting diſorders, woes that never end
With our vain pleaſures real ſuff'rings blend;
Why ill the virtuous with the vicious ſhares?
Why neither good nor bad misfortune ſpares?
I can't conceive that *what is, ought to be,*
In this each doctor knows as much as me.
We're told by Plato, man, in times of yore,
Wings gorgeous to his glorious body wore,
That all attacks he could unhurt ſuſtain,
By death ne'er conquer'd, ne'er approach'd by pain.

Alas, how chang'd from ſuch a brilliant ſtate!
He crawls 'twixt heav'n and earth, then yields to fate.
Look round this ſublunary world, you'll find
That nature to deſtruction is conſign'd.
Our ſyſtem weak which nerves and bone compoſe,
Cannot the ſhock of elements oppoſe;
This maſs of fluids mix'd with temper'd clay,
To diſſolution quickly muſt give way.
Their quick ſenſations can't unhurt ſuſtain.
Th' attacks of death and of tormenting pain.
This is the nature of the human frame,
Plato and Epicurus I diſclaim.
Nature was more to Bayle than either known:
What do I learn from Bayle, to doubt alone *?

Bayle,

* About a hundred obſervations ſcattered up and down in Bayle's Dictionary, have acquired him immortal reputation. He has left the controverſy concerning the *origin of evil* undecided. He lays all manner of opinions before his readers; all the arguments by which they are ſupported, and all the arguments by which they may be conteſted, are by him diſcuſſed; he is, as it were, the recorder of philoſophers, but he never gives his own opinion. He reſembles Cicero, who often, in his philoſophical works, aſſumes the character of an academician who decides nothing; this is the remark of the learned and judicious abbe d'Olivet.

I think it my duty, in this place, to endeavour to ſoften thoſe who have ſo long attacked Bayle with ſo much virulence, and to ſolicit their purpoſe; when I ſay to ſo little purpoſe, I do not ſay enough; their invectives have only made people more deſirous of reading his works: they ſhould endeavour to learn moderation, and

Bayle, great and wise, all systems overthrows,
Then his own tenets labours to oppose.

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and the art of reasoning from him. The philosophical Bayle did not, however, deny providence, or the immortality of the soul. The works of Cicero are translated, commented upon, and thought necessary in the education of princes; yet what strange doctrine occurs in almost every page of Cicero amongst passages worthy of the highest admiration! He advances over and over, that *if there is a providence, it is to be blamed for giving man an intelligent soul, which it knew he would make an ill use of.* Sic vestra ista providentia reprehendenda est quæ rationem dederit eis quos scierit ea perverse usuros. *(Libro tertio de Naturâ Deorum.)*

No one ever looked upon virtue as a gift of the gods, and it certainly can't be considered in that light. Virtutem unquam Deo acceptam nemo retulit, minimin rectè. *Ibidem. If a criminal dies unpunished, you say the Gods will afflict his posterity. Would a state bear with a legislator who should punish the grand children for the crimes of their grandfathers?* Ferretne tuta civitas latorem legis ut condemnaretur Nepos si avus deliquisset? What is still more surprizing, Cicero concludes his treatise upon the Nature of the Gods without refuting such assertions as these. In his Tusculan Questions he in many places endeavours to prove the mortality of the soul, after having before laboured to prove its immortality.

This is not all; in his oration for Cluentius he declares his sentiments in these terms before the whole Roman senate: *What has he suffered by death? we reject all the idle stories of the infernal regions. What has he then been deprived of by the loss of life except the sense of his sufferings?* Quid illi mors attulit mali, nisi fortè ineptis ac fabulis ducimur ut existimemus illum apud inferos supplicia perferre? Quæ si falsa sunt quod omnes intelligunt, quid ei mors eripuit præter sensum doloris?

Even in his letters, in which men generally speak their real sentiments, has not he expressed himself thus, *cum non ero, sensu omni carebo:* when I am dead, I shall be in a state of perfect insensibility.

Bayle never spoke in such terms as these. Yet Cicero is put into the hands of youth at college by the very persons who inveigh against Bayle: How can we account for this? only by saying that men are inconsistent and unjust.

Like

Like the blind ſlave to Dalilah's commands,
Cruſh'd by the pile demoliſh'd by his hands.
Myſteries like theſe can no man penetrate,
Hid from his view remains the book of fate.
Man his own nature never yet could ſound,
He knows not whence he is, nor whither bound *.
Atoms tormented on this earthly ball,
The ſport of fate, by death ſoon ſwallow'd all,
But thinking atoms, who with piercing eyes
Have meaſur'd the whole circuit of the ſkies;
We riſe in thought up to the heav'nly throne,
But our own nature ſtill remains unknown.
This world which error and o'erweening pride,
Rulers accurſt between them ſtill divide,

* It is ſelf evident, that man cannot acquire this knowledge without aſſiſtance. The human mind derives all its knowledge from experience; no experience can give us an inſight into what preceded our exiſtence, into what is to follow it, nor into what [illegible] at preſent. In what manner have we received life? What is the ſpring upon which it depends? How is our brain capable of [illegible] and memory? In what manner do our limbs obey every motion of the will? Of all this we are entirely ignorant. [illegible] that is inhabited? Was it created after [illegible] the ſame inſtant? Does every particular ſpecies [illegible] in a firſt plant? Is every ſpecies of animals [illegible] animal? The moſt profound philoſophers [illegible] ſolve theſe queſtions than the moſt ignorant of [illegible] to the vulgar proverb: *[illegible] before the egg, or the egg before the hen?* The proverb [illegible] but it confounds the utmoſt penetration of human [illegible], which is utterly at a loſs with regard to the firſt principles of things without ſupernatural aſſiſtance.

Where

here wretches overwhelm'd with laſting woe,
ilk of a happineſs they never know,
with complaining fill'd, all are forlorn
ſeeking bliſs; none would again be born *.
in a life midſt ſorrows paſt and fears,
'ith pleaſure's hand we wipe away our tears,
eaſure his light wings ſpreads, and quickly flies,
ſſes on loſſes, griefs on griefs ariſe.
he mind from ſad remembrance of the paſt,
with black melancholy over-caſt;
d is the preſent if no future ſtate,
o bliſsful retribution mortals wait,
fate's decrees the thinking being doom
o loſe exiſtence in the ſilent tomb.
ll may be well; that hope can man ſuſtain,
ll now is well; 'tis an illuſion vain.
he ſages held me forth deluſive light,
ivine inſtructions only can be right.
umbly I ſigh, ſubmiſſive ſuffer pain,
or more the ways of providence arraign.
youthful prime I ſung in ſtrains more gay,
ſt pleaſure's laws which lead mankind aſtray.

* We ſcarce even meet with a man, who would willingly re-mmence his paſt courſe of life, and go through the ſame e-nts.

But times change manners; taught by age and care
Whilſt I miſtaken mortals weakneſs ſhare,
The light of truth I ſeek in this dark ſtate,
And without murmuring ſubmit to fate.
A caliſe one when his laſt hour drew nigh,
Pray'd in ſuch terms as theſe to the moſt high:
Being ſupream, whoſe greatneſs knows no bound,
I bring thee all that can't in thee be found;
Defects and ſorrows, ignorance and woe.
Hope he omitted, man's ſole bliſs below *.

* Moſt nations entertained this hope even before they had the aſſiſtance of revelation. The hope of exiſting after death is founded upon the deſire of exiſting during life; it is founded upon the probability that what thinks now ſhall think hereafter. Of this there is no demonſtration, becauſe the contrary of whatever is demonſtrated is a contradiction, and becauſe there never was any diſpute concerning demonſtrable truths. Lucretius, in his third book, offers arguments of a force which muſt afflict thoſe who wiſh for a life to come, in order to deſtroy this hope: but he does no more than oppoſe probabilities to probabilities more ſtrong. Many of the Romans thought like Lucretius; and theſe words, in a chorus of Seneca the Tragedian, were ſung upon the Roman ſtage; *Poſt mortem nihil eſt, ipſa mors nullus nothing after death.* But inſtinct, reaſon, the deſire of conſolation, and the good of ſociety prevailed, and men have always hoped in a life to come: this hope has, however, been generally accompanied with doubt. Revelation deſtroys that doubt, and makes it give place to certainty.

PREFACE
TO THE
POEM
UPON THE
LAW OF NATURE.

IT is generally known that this Poem was not intended for the publick, it long remain'd a ſecret between a great King and the Author. About three months ago a few copies were handed about at *Paris*, and ſoon after ſeveral impreſſions of it were publiſh'd incorrect as thoſe of other works by the ſame hand. It would be no more than juſtice, to be more indulgent to a work forc'd out of the obſcurity which the Author had condemn'd it, than to a work offer'd by the Writer himſelf to the inſpection of the publick. It would likewiſe be agreeable to equity not to paſs the ſame judgment upon a Poem compos'd by a Layman, as upon a theological theſis. Theſe two poems are the fruits of a tranſplanted tree. Some of theſe fruits may perhaps not be to the taſte of certain

perſons;

perſons; they come from a foreign climate, but none of them are poiſon'd, and many of them may prove highly ſalutary.

This Work ſhould be conſider'd as a Letter, in which the Author freely diſcovers his ſentiments. Moſt books reſemble thoſe formal and general converſations in which people ſeldom utter their thoughts. The Author in this Poem declares his real opinions to a philoſophical Prince, whom he then had the honour of living with. He has been inform'd that perſons of the beſt underſtanding have been pleas'd with this ſketch: they were of opinion that the Poem upon the Law of Nature was intended only to prepare the world for truths more ſublime. This conſideration alone would have determin'd the Author to render his work more complete and correct, if his infirmities had permitted it. He was at laſt oblig'd to content himſelf with correcting the faults which the firſt edition ſwarm with.

The praiſes beſtow'd in this work upon a Prince by no means ſollicitous about praiſe, ſhould not ſurprize any body, they came from the heart; they are very different from that incenſe which ſelf-intereſtedneſs laviſhes upon power. The Man of Letters might not perhaps

perhaps have deſerv'd the praiſes or the favours pour'd upon him by the Monarch, but the Monarch was every way deſerving of the encomiums beſtow'd upon him in this Poem by the Man of Letters. The change which has ſince happen'd, in a connection which does ſo much honour to learning, has by no means alter'd the ſentiments which gave occaſion to theſe praiſes.

In fine, ſince a work never intended for publication, has been ſnatch'd out of ſecreſy and obſcurity, it will laſt among a few Sages as a monument of a philoſophical correſpondence, which ſhould not have ended, and if it ſhews human weakneſs throughout, it, at the ſame time, makes it appear that true Philoſophy always ſurmounts that weakneſs.

To conclude, this weak Eſſay was firſt occaſion'd by a little Pamphlet which appear'd at that time. It was entitled, *A Treatiſe upon the Sovereign Good*, and it ſhould have been call'd *A Treatiſe upon the Sovereign Evil.* The Author of it maintain'd that there is no ſuch thing as virtue or vice, and that remorſe of conſcience is a weakneſs owing to the prejudice of education, which a man ſhould endeavour to ſubdue. The Author of the following Poem maintains, that remorſe of conſcience is as natural to us as any paſſion of the human

ſoul.

ſoul. If the violence of paſſion hurries man into a fault, when come to himſelf he is ſenſible of that fault. The wild girl who was found near *Chalons* own'd, that in her paſſion ſhe gave her companion a blow, of the conſequence of which the poor wretch died in her arms. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw her blood, ſhe repented, ſhe wept, ſhe ſtopt the blood, and dreſs'd the wound with herbs. Thoſe who maintain that this relenting of humanity is only a branch of ſelf-love, do that principle a great deal of honour. Let men call reaſon and conſcience by what names they will, they exiſt, and are the foundation of the Law of Nature.

THE

THE LAW OF NATURE.

A POEM in FOUR PARTS.

EXORDIUM.

THOU by whoſe works, deeds, reign with wonders fraught,
The brave and wiſe their duty ſhall be taught,
Who with unalter'd brow alike look down
On life and death, the cottage and the crown;
With force like thine my wavering ſoul inſpire,
Spread o'er me rays of that celeſtial fire,
Which owes to ſacred reaſon all it's light,
By prepoſſeſſion dimm'd and turn'd to night.
On darkneſs which o'erſpreads the world below,
Lets ſtrive ſome light however faint to throw.
Our firſt of ſtudies in our early age,
Was courtly *Horace* with *Boileau*'s chaſte page.
In them you ſought with philoſophic mind,
The true and beautiful at once to find;

Oft

Oft with inſtructive and with moral lines,
Brightly each finiſh'd compoſition ſhines;
But Pope poſſeſt of genius more profound,
What lightly they ſkim'd over knew to ſound.
Light into th' abyſs of being firſt he brought,
And man by him to know himſelf was taught.
A trivial now, and now an uſeful art,
Verſe is in Pope divine, it forms the heart.
What need we know that Horace hir'd to praiſe
Octavius in vile, proſtituted lays,
When from the night's polluted joys he roſe,
Inſulted *Criſpinus* in meaſur'd proſe?
That penſion'd Boileau ſatire's venom ſhed
On *Quinault*'s lyre and *Taſſo*'s laurel'd head;
Could I paint the hurry, buſtle, and the throng
Of Paris, where men ſcarce can paſs along;
Or at a wretched feaſt what paſs'd rehearſe,
In flowing numbers and harmonious verſe.
A ſoul like thine to higher views aſpires,
Far other information it requires;
The eſſence of our ſpirit you explore,
Its end, beginning, but its duty more.
On this important theme what others thought,
What error has to vulgar doctors taught,

L

Let's ſcan and ballance with thoſe truths divine,
Which Heaven ſuggeſts to ſuch a ſoul as thine.
God we ſhould ſearch for in ourſelves alone,
If he exiſts the human heart's his throne.
The God whoſe pow'r from duſt could mortals raiſe,
Muſt we then ſeek in learning's winding maze?
You truſt not *Origen*'s or *Scotus* page,
Nature inſtructs us more than either ſage;
Syſtems lets drop thoſe follies of the wiſe,
And into ſelf-deſcending learn to riſe.

PART the Iſt.

God has given men ideas of juſtice and conſcience to admoniſh them juſt as he has given them every thing elſe neceſſary. This is that Law of Nature upon which religion is founded. This is the only principle herein diſcuſſed. The author ſpeaks only of the Law of Nature, and not of religion and its awful myſteries.

Whether a ſelf-exiſtent * being laid
The world's foundations out of nothing made,

If

* As God is an infinite being, his nature muſt of conſequence be unknown to all men. As this is a philoſophical work, it was judged neceſſary to cite the opinions of philoſophers. All the ancients, without exception, looked upon matter as eternal; this is almoſt the only point upon which they were agreed. Moſt of them main-

If forming matter o'er it he preſides,
And having ſhap'd the maſs directs and guides;
Whether the ſoul, that bright, ætherial ſpark
Of heavenly fire, too oft obſcure and dark,
Makes of our ſenſes one or acts alone;
We all are ſubject to the Almighty's Throne.
But at his throne round which deep thunders roar
What homage ſhall we pay, how God adore?
Can jealouſy affect th' eternal mind?
Will adulation there acceptance find?
Is it that warlike race of haughty brow,
Who to their power made fam'd Byzantium bow,
The phlegmatic Chineſe, the Tartar rude,
Whoſe arms ſo many regions have ſubdu'd,
That rightly knows to praiſe the Power divine,
And offer grateful homage at his ſhrine?

---

maintained that God had ſet the world in order; none of them knew that he had created it out of nothing. They aſſerted, that the celeſtial intelligence was by his nature endued with a power of arranging matter, and that matter was by its nature ſelf-exiſtent.

According to almoſt all the philoſophers and poets, the great gods dwelt at a diſtance from the earth. The ſoul of man was, in the opinion of many, a celeſtial fire; according to others, it was a harmony reſulting from the organs; others repreſented it as a part of the Divinity *divinæ particulam auræ*; others as a refined matter, or quinteſſence; the wiſeſt conſidered it as an immaterial being: but whatever ſect they embraced, they acknowledged that man is in every reſpect ſubject to the Deity.

Various

Various in language and religious lore
A different deity they all implore;
Then all have err'd, let's therefore turn our eyes
From vile impoſtors who delight in lies *:
Nor let us vainly make attempt to ſound
Awful religion's myſteries profound,
To reaſon let reſearches vain give place,
Let's ſtrive to know if God inſtructs our race.
Nature to man has given with bounteous hand
Whate'er his nature's cravings can demand;
Senſes ſure inſtinct, ſpirits vary'd ſprings,
To him each element its tribute brings.
In the brains-foldings memory is plac'd,
And on it nature's lively image trac'd.
Ready at every motion of his will,
His call external objects anſwer ſtill;
Sound to his ear is wafted by the air,
The light he ſees without or pains or care.
As to his God, the end of human kind
Is man to ceaſeleſs errors then confin'd?
Is nature then diſplay'd to mortals eyes,
While nature's God obſcure and hidden lies?

* *Confucius* ſhould not be confounded with theſe, he confined himſelf to natural religion, and diſcovered every thing that could be diſcovered without the light of revelation.

In

Is ſuccour in my greateſt need deny'd?
Muſt my chief craving reſt unſatisfy'd?
No, God in vain has not his creatures made,
The hand divine on every brow's diſplay'd.
My Maſter's will can't from me be conceal'd;
When he gave being he his law reveal'd.
Doubtleſs he ſpoke, but ſpoke to all mankind;
To Egypt's deſerts he was ne'er confin'd.
In Delphi, Delos, or the Sibyl's cave,
No oracle the godhead ever gave.
Morality, unvary'd and the ſame,
Denounces to each age God's holy name.
'Tis *Trajan*'s law, 'tis *Socrates*'s, yours,
By nature preach'd, like nature it endures;
Reaſon receives it, and the keen remorſe
Of conſcience ſtrengthens it, and gives it force;
For conſcience makes the obſtinate repent,
And hardeſt boſoms at her voice relent.
Think you young *Ammon*, mad ambition's ſlave,
Not like you moderate, altho' as brave,
In a friend's blood, when he his hands embru'd,
By augurs to ſoft pity was ſubdu'd?
Religious rites for gold they had prophan'd,
And waſh'd the monarch's hands by murder ſtain'd:

But nature's inſtinct could not be ſuppreſs'd,
It pleaded powerful in the monarch's breaſt;
He could not his impetuous rage forgive,
But thought himſelf a wretch unfit to live.
This law which bears in China ſov'reign ſway,
To which fierce Japoneſe due rev'rence pay,
Fir'd *Zoroaſter's* genius unconfin'd,
And ſhed its ſacred light on Solon's mind.
It cries from Indus to cold Zembla's ſhore,
Be juſt, thy country love, and God adore.
The Laplander, amidſt eternal ſnows,
His God adores, and what is juſtice, knows;
And ſold to diſtant coaſts the negro race
With joy in others negro features trace.
No ſlanderer vile, no murderer ever knows
The mind's calm ſunſhine and the ſoul's repoſe;
Nor ever thus his ſecret thoughts expreſs'd,
He who deſtroys the innocent is bleſs'd;
Bleſs'd he by whom his mother's blood is ſpilt,
Great the attractions and the charms of guilt.
Believe me, mortals, man, with dauntleſs brow,
Would openly ſuch ſentiments avow,
If there was not an univerſal law
Crimes to repreſs, and keep the world in awe.

Did men create the ſenſe of guilt or ſhame?
Their ſoul and faculties did mortals frame?
Whether in Peru or in China flame
The golden heaps, their nature is the ſame:
From th' artiſts hands new forms the ingots take,
But he who ſhapes unable is to make;
Thus God, to whom each man his being owes,
In every heart the ſeeds of virtue ſows.
True virtue by th' Almighty firſt was made,
By man its counterfeit, and empty ſhade;
He may diſguiſe the truth with errors vain,
His feelings an attempt to change reſtrain.

PART the IId.

Containing anſwers to the objections againſt Univerſal Morality, with a demonſtration of that truth.

Cardan and fam'd Spinoſa both reply,
This check of conſcience, nature's boaſted cry,
From mutual wants and habit take their riſe,
'Tis theſe cement our friendſhips and our ties.
Foe to thyſelf, ſophiſt both weak and blind,
Whence ſprings this want? Why did the ſov'reign mind
Make in the boſom of all mortals dwell,
Inſtincts which to ſociety impel?

Laws

Laws made by mortal man ſoon paſs away,
The vary'd, weak productions of a day.
Jacob of old, as inclination led,
Two ſiſters of the Hebrew race could wed;
David, exempt both from reſtraint and ſhame,
Could to a hundred beauties tell his flame,
Whilſt at the Vatican, the pope diſtreſs'd,
Can't without ſcandal be of one poſſeſs'd.
Here ſucceſſors are choſen by the ſires,
Whilſt birthright there the whole eſtate acquires.
If but a whiſker'd Polander commands,
All public buſineſs ſuſpended ſtands.
Electors muſt the emperor ſuſtain,
The pope has dignity, the Engliſh gain.
Worſhip, law, intereſts, variations know,
Virtue's alone unchangeable below *.
But whilſt this moral beauty we admire,
See on a ſcaffold Britain's king expire.
Borgia the blade againſt his brother drew,
And ſtabb'd whilſt to his ſiſter's arms he flew.
There the Dutch rabble rouz'd to frantic rage,
Two brothers tear, the worthies of their age.

* It is evident that variations are here aſcrib'd only to ir tions, ſuch as civil laws and diſcipline, which are alter'd ever as occaſion requires.

In France Brinvilliers conſtant ſtill at prayers,
Poiſons her ſire, and to confeſs repairs;
The juſt is by the wicked's force ſubdu'd,
Hence do you virtue but a name conclude?
When with the baleful ſouth winds tainted breath,
All nature ſickens, and each gale is death,
Will you maintain that ſince the world began,
Health never yet was known to dwell with man.
The various peſts that poiſon human life,
Effects that ſpring from elemental ſtrife,
Corrupt the bliſs of mortals here below,
But quickly vaniſh both their guilt and woe.
Soon as our paſſions fierce ſubſide and cool,
Our hearts aſſent to every moral rule.
The ſource is pure, the furious winds in vain
Diſturb its waves, and ruſhing torrents ſtain;
The mud that on its ſurface flows refines,
And by degrees the wat'ry mirror ſhines;
The worſt man there fierce as the ſtorm before,
His image ſees when once its rage is o'er.
The light of reaſon heav'n gave not in vain
To man, but added conſcience to reſtrain.
The ſprings of ſenſe are mov'd by her command;
Who hears her voice is ſure to underſtand:

To

To minds by paſſion ſway'd tho' free before,
She ſtill an equilibrium can reſtore;
She kindles in each breaſt a gen'rous flame,
And makes ſelf-love and ſocial love the ſame.
This was the dæmon Socrates's guide,
Ordain'd o'er all his actions to preſide,
The God whoſe preſence could his fears controul,
Who made him dauntleſs drink the poiſon'd bowl.
Was to the ſage its influence confin'd?
No; heaven muſt ſure direct each human mind.
By this for five years Nero's rage was quell'd,
Five years the voice of flatt'ry he repell'd.
His ſoul to this Aurelius ſtill apply'd;
Like a philoſopher he liv'd and died.
Julian, apoſtate by the Chriſtians nam'd,
Adher'd to reaſon whilſt he faith diſclaim'd,
The church's ſcandal, but of kings the pride,
Ne'er from the Law of Nature turn'd aſide.
But cavillers truth's force will never own,
They cry to infants reaſon is unknown;
The power of education forms the mind,
Man ſtill to copy others is inclin'd;
Nothing peculiar actuates his heart,
Others he apes, and acts a borrow'd part;

e and truth with him are words of courſe,
nachine-like he acts by inſtinct's force.
Turk or Jew, Pagan or Child of Grace,
ıan or Monk, according to his race.
w example influence acquires
man; that habit ſentiment inſpires.
h, faſhions, and the mind's unbounded range
ıad opinions, ſubject ſtill to change,
eeble traces by our ſires impreſt,
ı mortal ſignet on each human breaſt.
he firſt ſprings are made by God's own hand,
ɔurce divine they ſhall for ever ſtand.
ıractice them the child a man muſt grow,
r force he cannot in the cradle know.
ſparrow when he firſt beholds the light,
he unfledg'd feel amourous delight?
ew born foxes prey to ſeek begin?
ıſects taught by nature ſilk to ſpin,
o the humming ſwarms, whoſe artful ſkill,
wax compoſe, and honey's ſweets diſtil,
as they ſee the day their work produce?
e ripens and brings all things into uſe.
ɔcings have their object, and they tend
fix'd period to their deſtin'd end.

Paſſion,

Paſſion, 'tis true, may hurry us along,
Sometimes the juſt may deviate into wrong.
Oft man from good to hated evil flies,
None in all moments virtuous are or wiſe.
We're told that man's a myſtery o'er and o'er;
All nature as myſterious is or more.
Philoſophers ſagacious and profound,
The beaſts ſure inſtinct could you ever ſound?
The nature of the graſs can you explain,
That dies, then riſing ſpreads a verdant plain?
This world a veil o'erſpreads of darkeſt night,
If thro' the deep obſcure the glimmering light
Of reaſon ſerves to guide us on our way,
Should we extinguiſh it, and go aſtray.
When God firſt fill'd the vaſt expance of ſky,
Bid oceans flow and kindled ſuns on high;
He ſaid, Be in your limits fix'd contain'd,
And in their bounds the riſing worlds remain'd.
On Venus laws and Saturn he impos'd,
The ſixteen orbs of which our world's compos'd;
On jarring elements that ſtill contend,
On rolling thunders that the æther rend,
On man, created to adore his power,
And on the worm that ſhall man's fleſh devour.

Shall man audaciouſly, with effort vain,
His own * laws add to thoſe the heav'ns ordain?
Should we the phantoms of a day at moſt,
Who ſcarcely can a real being boaſt,
Place ourſelves on the throne at God's right hand,
And iſſue forth like Gods ſupream command?

PART the IIId.

Shews that as men have for the moſt part diſfigured, by the various opinions which they have adopted, the principle of natural religion which unites them, they ſhould mutually bear with each other.

The univerſe is God's eternal ſhrine,
† Men various ways adore the power divine.
All of their faith, their ſaints, their martyr'd hoſt,
And oracles unerring voice make boaſt.
On numerous ablutions one relies,
He thinks heav'n ſees them with propitious eyes,

* By the word laws in this place, are meant only the tranſient opinions of men who would make their peculiar ſentiments paſs for general laws.

† Men in this place, means thoſe only who have erected themſelves into legiſlators, and the paſſage relates only to the forms of worſhip eſtabliſh'd in Heathen countries, as has been declar'd in the beginning of the firſt part.

And

And that all thoſe who are not circumcis'd,
Are by his God rejected and deſpis'd.
Another thinks he Brama's favour gains,
Whilſt he from eating rabbits fleſh abſtains,
Amongſt the bleſs'd above he hopes a ſeat,
The juſt reward of merit ſo compleat.
Againſt their neighbours all alike declaim,
And brand them with the unbelievers name.
The jars amidſt contending Chriſtians bred,
More deſolation through the world have ſpread,
Than the pretext of ſtateſmen weak and vain,
Midſt Europe's powers a ballance to maintain.
See an inquiſitor, with air benign,
His neighbour's body to the flames conſign;
Much ſorrow at the tragic ſcene he ſhews,
But takes the money to aſſuage his woes.
Whilſt touch'd with zeal religious crowds advance,
And praiſing God, around the victim dance.
Blind zeal could oft good catholicks incite,
At leaving maſs to hurry to the fight,
And threatening each their neighbour loudly cry,
Wretch think like me, or elſe this moment die.
From Paris *Calvin* and his ſect withdrew,
Their effigies the bloodleſs hangman ſlew.

Servetus born in torments to expire,
By *Calvin's* ſelf was ſentenc'd to the fire.
Had but Servetus been of power poſſeſt,
The *Trinitarians* had been ſore oppreſt,
Quickly had ended all the warm diſpute,
For halters can the obſtinate confute.
Thus ſectaries who 'gainſt *Arminius* roſe,
Bent all his tenets warmly to oppoſe,
In Flanders gain'd the martyr's glorious name,
In Holland executioners became.
Why for ſo many years with pious rage,
Religious wars did our fore-fathers wage?
From nature's law allegiance they withdrew,
Or added others dangerous as new;
And man to his own ſenſe an abject ſlave,
To God his weakneſs and his paſſions gave.
To him men give the faults of human kind,
They paint him fickle, falſe, to rage inclin'd:
But reaſon, thanks to Heav'n, in theſe our days
O'er half the globe diffuſes kindly rays;
Man at her voice perſuaſive grows humane,
No piles are lighted, blood no altars ſtain.
If bigot fury ſhould again be known,
Thoſe fires would ſoon to tenfold rage be blown.

So

So oft opinion does not paſs for guilt,
By man his brother's blood's more rarely ſpilt.
* More rarely horror acts of faith inſpire
At Liſbon, fewer Jews in flames expire;
Leſs oft the Muphti cries in furious ſtrain,
Slave follow Mahomet, from wine refrain.
† But Chriſtians ſtill the furious Muphti names
Dogs, and condemns them to eternal flames.
The Catholics again from bliſs exclude
The Turks, who have ſo many realms ſubdu'd;
They to damnation northern realms conſign,
The curſe great King affects even worth like thine.
In vain your goodneſs is each day diſplay'd,
In vain all mankind you protect and aid;
You people and improve the barren plain,
Arts cultivate, aſylums build in vain:
‡ For confidently many doctors ſay
That you from Beelzebub derive your ſway.

The

* When this poem was wrote, the author could not foreſee that flames were to deſtroy a great part of that unhappy city in which faggots were too often kindled.

† 'Tis common with the Turks to give the appellations of Dog and Infidel to the Chriſtians.

‡ The maxim, *Extra eccleſiam nulla eſt ſalus*, There is no ſalvation out of the church; is held in great veneration by the Catholics, yet all men of ſenſe look upon it as both ridiculous and abominable to thunder ſuch an anathema againſt men of the high-

The Pagan virtues were but crimes at beſt,
All generous ſouls ſuch maxims muſt deteſt.
Journaliſt baſe who with malignant mind
Think'ſt thyſelf authoris'd to damn mankind;
Thou ſeeſt with joy God human beings frame,
To glut the devil and burn with endleſs flame.
Is't not enough that you at once conſign
Montagne and Monteſquieu to wrath divine?
Shall Ariſtides, Socrates the ſage,
Solon the guide and model of his age;
Aurelius, Trajan, Titus dear to fame,
Againſt whom you with bitterneſs declaim,
All be caſt into the abyſs of hell,
By the juſt Being whom they ſerv'd ſo well?
And ſhall you be in Heaven with glory crown'd,
While crowds of cherubims your throne ſurround;
Becauſe with Monks a wallet once you bore,
In ignorance ſlept and greaſy ſack cloth wore?

---

eſt rank and moſt extraordinary talents: this is not like the procedure of reasonable men. Archbiſhop Tillotſon would never have wrote in their terms to the Archbiſhop of Cambray, *Sir, you are damned.* A King of Portugal would not have written in this manner to a King of England who ſhould ſend him aid, *Brother, you will certainly go to hell.* The menace of eternal damnation to thoſe who do not think like us, is like a weapon depoſited in the arſenal by the church, and no individual is allowed to make uſe of it.

Be

Be bleſt above, with ſouls no war I wage,
But why ſhould Newton, wonder of his age,
Leibnitz profound, and Addiſon whoſe mind
With learning fraught was by true taſte refin'd:
* Locke who could ſpirits properties explain,
And underſtanding's limits aſcertain;

Men

* It is well known that the wiſe and modeſt Locke diſcover'd the whole progreſs of the human underſtanding, and pointed out the limits of it's power. Fully convinc'd of human weakneſs, and ſenſible of the infinite power of the Creator, he ſays that we have no knowledge of the nature of our ſouls, but from faith: he ſays that man is not ſufficiently enlighten'd to aſſert, that God could not communicate thought to any being whatever, and even to matter itſelf.

Thoſe who were ſtill immers'd in ignorance, roſe up in arms againſt him. Infatuated with a carteſianiſm as falſe in every reſpect as peripateticiſm itſelf, they were of opinion, that matter is nothing elſe but extent in length, breadth, and depth: they did not know that it is endu'd with the property of gravitating towards a center, the *vis inertia*, and many more; that it's elements are indiviſible, tho' it's component parts may be divided *ad infinitum*. They limited the power of the ſupreme being, they did not reflect that notwithſtanding all the diſcoveries that have been made concerning the nature of matter, we are ſtill in the dark as to it's eſſence. They ſhould have taken it into conſideration, that it has been long debated, whether the human underſtanding be a faculty or ſubſtance. They ſhould have examin'd themſelves, and they would have been ſenſible, that our underſtandings are too limited to ſound this abyſs.

The faculty of moving, which beaſts have, is not a ſubſtance, a particular eſſence; it appears to be a gift of the Creator. Locke has advanc'd, that the ſame Creator may confer the gift of thinking upon whatever being he thinks proper. According to this hypotheſis, which ſubjects us more than any other to the ſupreme being, thought added to any element of matter is not leſs pure or leſs

ings

Men whom the God ſupreme deign'd to inſpire,
Wherefore ſhould theſe be doom'd to penal fire?

immortal, than it is ſuppoſed to be in any other ſyſtem. T diviſible element is unperiſhable: thought may, doubtleſs with it to all eternity, after the body is diſſolv'd. This i Locke offers to our conſideration, without affirming any He ſpeaks of what God might have done, and not of what done. He does not pretend to know what matter is: he ac ledges that between it and God, there may be an infinity of ſubſtances totally different from each other: in fact, light, e tary fire, as Sir Iſaac Newton has obſerved in his Principles, to hold the middle place between the unknown eſſence cal' ter, and other eſſences ſtill more unknown. Light does n to a center like matter; it does not ſeem to be impene accordingly *Newton* often repeats in his Opticks, *I don't co the queſtion, whether the rays of light are bodies or not.*

Locke has advanc'd, that there may be an infinite number ſtances, and that God may communicate ideas to theſe ſub We cannot conjecture by what art divine, any being ca ideas; we are very far from ſuch a degree of penetrati ſhall never know how an earth worm can be capable of In all theſe reſearches, we ſhould look up to God and a ledge our weakneſs. Such is Mr. Locke's philoſophy, a as it is ſimple; and this ſubmiſſion to God, men have pret treat as impiety; his followers convinc'd of the immor the ſoul, have been call'd Materialiſts, and ſuch a man a has been cenſur'd as tedious, by the Compiler of a Treat Phyſicks.

Granting even that Locke was miſtaken in this point, can be miſtaken who affirms nothing) he is not the leſs d of the praiſe beſtow'd on him here: he is, in my opinion, who has made it appear, that we are not acquainted w axiom, till we know the particular truths that enter into i the firſt who has ſhewn in what entity conſiſts, what it is ſame perſon, the ſame ſelf: he is the firſt who has prov'd th of innate ideas to be falſe. Upon this occaſion I can't ſerving, that certain ſchools pronounc'd anathemas again ideas, when they were eſtabliſhed by *Deſcartes*, and al pronounced other anathemas againſt the adverſaries of inna when Locke had ſhewn them to be abſurd. Thus do m when they are not Philoſophers.

In judging be more temperate and cool,
Teach not eternal wiſdom how to rule;
To judge ſeverely ſuch great men beware,
And thoſe who ne'er condemn'd you learn to ſpare.
Religion well obſerv'd will quell your rage,
And make you mild, compaſſionate and ſage;
Drown others not, but try the port to find,
He's right who pardons but the angry blind.
Sons of one God, in theſe our days of woe
Let's live like brothers whilſt we dwell below.
Let's ſtrive to lend each other kind relief,
We groan beneath a load of woes and grief:
Againſt our lives a thouſand foes lay wait,
Our lives which we at once both love and hate:
Some guide, ſome prop our wavering hearts require,
With languor chill'd, or burn'd with ſtrong deſire.
Tears by the happieſt mortals have been ſhed,
All have their ſhare of anxious care and dread.
If kind ſociety her ſuccours lend,
Her joys awhile our griefs and cares ſuſpend:
Yet even here a weak reſource we find,
'Gainſt grief that ever rankles in the mind.
Daſh not the cup in which our comforts flow,
Do not corrupt the balm of human woe.

Felons,

Felons, methinks, I in a dungeon ſpy,
Who at their fellows throats with fury fly;
And tho' they could relieve each others pains,
For ever jar and combat with their chains.

PART the IVth.

Proves that it is the buſineſs of the government to put an end to the unhappy diſputes of the ſchools, which the peace of ſociety is diſturbed.

I oft have heard it from your lips auguſt,
'Tis the grand duty, doubtleſs, to be juſt;
And the firſt bleſſing is the heart's repoſe.
How could you, where ſo many ſects oppoſe,
Amidſt inceſſant wrangling and debate,
Preſerve a peace ſo laſting in the ſtate?
Whence is it *Calvin's* ſons, and *Luther's*, tell,
Deem'd by the papiſt's Satan's off-ſpring fell,
The Roman, Greek, who will not own the pow'r
Of Rome; the Quaker, Anabaptiſt ſour,
Who in their law could never yet agree,
Are all united in the praiſe of thee?
'Tis becauſe nature form'd you for the throne;
Like you to rule had the firſt Valois known,

A Jacobin had not, with fury fir'd,
To rival *Judith* and *Aod*, aſpir'd;
Ne'er on the king his hands prophane had laid,
But Valois edg'd the * church's murd'rous blade,
That blade by which, tho' ſubject crouds ſtood round,
Great Henry after fell, for worth renown'd.
Such curs'd effects from pious quarrels flow,
Or ſoon or late all factions bloody grow;
Quickly they ſpread and ſtrength acquire, if priz'd,
But quickly ſink to nothing, if deſpis'd.
He who can armies lead againſt the foe,
To govern refractory prieſts ſhould know.
Yet could a Norman confeſſor perſwade
A king who proweſs in the field diſplay'd,
That *Queſnel*, *Janſen* threaten'd much the ſtate,
The monarch by his greatneſs gave them weight.
Then roſe a hundred factions fill'd with ire,
Blind zeal made judges, pleaders, clerks conſpire;
Then jeſuits, capuchins, and cordeliers,
The kingdom fill'd with ſcruples and with fears:

---

* We are not by the word Church, in this place, to underſtand the Catholick Church, nothing is here alluded to but the abominable fanaticiſm of ſome Eccleſiaſticks deteſted by the Church in all ages.

Ridiculous

* Ridiculous once by the regent made,
They quickly ſunk into oblivion's ſhade.
The maſter's preſence and his care ſuffice
To ſcatter bliſs, thence general good muſt riſe.
Who cultivates within the well-fenc'd field,
The treaſures which the ſpring and autumn yield,
Can water, earth, ſun's various gifts beſtow,
Upon the trees that in his gardens grow;
On ſlender props he feeble branches rears,
And from the ground the uſeleſs plants up tears;
Or prunes them when they too luxuriant ſhoot,
And drain of needful ſap the trunk and root.
His lands afford him all he can deſire,
The laws of nature with his toil conſpire;
A tree which he has planted with his hand,
Is ſure, with others, to enrich the land;
And all the planter's cares are well repaid
With luſcious fruits and with a grateful ſhade.
A gardener never could, by vengeance led,
Make heav'n upon it baleful influence ſhed;
Could ne'er, by curſes, make his fruits decay,
Or vines and fig-trees wither quite away.

* This ridicule, the tenſe of which is univerſal amongſt all nations, falls upon great intrigues occaſion'd by trifles, upon the inveterate animoſity of two parties which could never agree with regard to the ſale of four thouſand printed volumes.

Wretch

'retched thoſe nations where laws ſtill contend!
heir jarring factions never can have end:
he Roman ſenate, watchful o'er the ſtate,
orals and rites intent to regulate,
t to the veſtals number its due bound,
r ſuffer'd bacchanals to range around.
relius, *Trajan*, princes of renown,
ie pontiff's bonnet wore, and emperor's crown:
ie world depended on their care alone,
d the ſchools vain diſputes were then unknown;
oſe legiſlators, with ſage maxims fraught,
fer for their ſacred birds with fury fought.
i the ſame principle Rome now holds command,
ie throne and altar by their union ſtand;
r citizens enjoy ſerene repoſe,
ore bleſs'd than when they vanquiſh'd numerous foes.
t that I think kings ſhould the mitre wear,
d the croſs jointly with the ſcepter bear,
when they come from council ſhould, aloud,
ter their benediction to the croud;
I aſſert that kings, when they are crown'd,
maintain order are by duty bound,

That

* That their authority's o'er all the ſame,
That all their fatherly protection claim.
Oh various orders well-form'd ſtates depend,
Merchants enrich them, warriors defend.
Religious ordinances level all,
The rich and poor, the great as well as ſmall;
Equal authority has civil law,
This keeps both citizens and prieſts in awe.
Law in a ſtate ſhould equal ſway extend
O'er all; all to it equally ſhould bend.
Farther to treat of ſuch points I decline,
Heav'n ne'er for government form'd ſouls like mi
But from the port where now my life I cloſe,
In tranquil happineſs and calm repoſe,
Seeing the ſtorms that all around me rage,
I with your leſſons moralize my page.
From this diſcourſe what inference ſhall we draw
That prejudice to fools alone gives law;
We ſhould not for it with fierce rage contend,
Earth teems with error, truths from heav'n deſcen

* It ſhould not be infer'd from hence, that every orde ſtate has not its peculiar diſtinctions, its privileges inſepara nex'd to its particular functions. In all countries the orders of a ſtate enjoy their ſeveral privileges: but they equally bound by the general law.

amidſt thiſtles which obſtruct the way,
ſage finds paths that cannot lead aſtray.
e, which man wiſhes, whilſt he from it flies,
nuch as ſacred truth ſhould mortals prize.

PRAYER.

ſreat God, whoſe being by thy works is known,
r my laſt words from thy eternal throne:
miſtook 'twas whilſt thy law I ſought,
ay have err'd, but thou wert in each thought.
rleſs I look beyond the opening grave,
I cannot think the God who being gave,
e God whoſe favours made my bliſs o'erflow,
doom'd me, after death, to endleſs woe.

OLYMPIA.

A NEW

TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

THE

EDITOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS new Tragedy which I lay before the publick, will, I hope, prove acceptable to all it have a taſte for literary performances.

Monſ. de *Voltaire* ſent the manuſcript ſome time o to his Serene Highneſs the Elector *Palatine*. his Prince renown'd throughout *Europe* for talents nich render the throne reſpectable, had a deſire to : this piece, and caus'd it to be acted laſt year by his medians at the Theatre of *Schwetzingen*, on the irtieth of *September*, and the ſeventh of *October*, hilſt the Author endeavour'd to get it repreſented at s own houſe. The Author, with whom I have the onour to correſpond, and under whoſe directions I rote for five years, ſent me the copy of this piece, gether with the alterations which he made in it every ay. As I aſſiſted at the ſeveral repreſentations of : at *Schwetzingen*, I informed him of its ſucceſs, nd took the liberty to communicate to him a few

obſervations which I had made on it. In return he communicated to me ſome obſervations of his own.

This Tragedy has been acknowledg'd to have ſomething original in it. The pomp of its decorations excited admiration at the Palace of his Serene Highneſs. Several ſtriking and happy incidents render'd the conduct of the piece intereſting, and at once inſpir'd pity and terror. Every thing contributed to make the caraſtrophe ſhocking. I can aſſure the publick, that the dagger never produc'd ſuch an effect upon the ſtage as in the laſt Act of *Olympia*. The decorations were extremely magnificent; the ſtake in its proper place made the ſpectators ſhudder; the flames were real. The [illegible] upon which was *Olympia*, diſcover'd the whole ſight. The Prieſts and Prieſteſs plac'd at a diſtance from her, left the Princeſs at liberty to throw herſelf down; in a word, the piece was repreſented with a magnificence worthy of their Serene Electoral Highneſs. Nothing was wanting but the preſence of him for whom my maſter has ſo great an eſteem, whoſe work I have caused to be printed, as a token of the profound reſpect I have for him.

COLINI, Secretary and Hiſtoriographer to his Serene Highneſs the Elector *Palatine*.

DRAM-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CASSANDER, Son of Antipater, King of Macedonia.
ANTIGONES, King of Part of Asia.
The Hierophantes, or High Priest, who presides at the Celebration of the great Mysteries.
SOSTHENES, an Officer of Cassander's.
HERMAS, an Officer of Antigones.

WOMEN.

STATIRA, the Wife of Alexander.
OLYMPIA, the Daughter of Alexander and Statira.
Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers, Populace.

5903398

OLYMPIA.

A NEW

TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.

The back part of the theatre repreſents a temple, the doors of which are ſhut, and adorn'd with lofty pillars: the two wings form a vaſt porch. Soſthenes is ſeen in the porch. The great door opens; Caſſander in great agitation approaches Soſthenes, and the great door is again ſhut.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES.

CASSANDER.

THESE rites oh Soſthenes muſt quickly end:
Caſſander hopes to find propitious Gods;
ly days will ſoon more calmly glide away,
nd my wild agitation will ſubſide.
lready I feel eaſe———

SOSTHENES.

——— Near Epheſus

The warlike chiefs who ſerv'd your royal ſire,
The oath accuſtom'd in my preſence ſwore.
All Macedon acknowledges your ſway.
Her two protectors Epheſus has choſen.
The throne which with Antigones you ſhare,
Will doubtleſs make your great deſigns ſucceed.
A reign, which with the worſhip of the Gods
Begins, muſt doubtleſs be approv'd by men.
Initiation in the ſacred rites,
Will make your diadem beheld with awe.
Appear in public.———

CASSANDER.

——— Yet it is too ſoon,
When I poſſeſs the crown, your faithful eyes
Shall be the witneſſes of all my deeds.
Stay in this porch, the Prieſteſſes to day
Preſent Olympia to the powers divine:
This day in ſecret ſhe muſt expiate,
——— which are even to herſelf unknown.
This day a better life I ſhall begin.
Oh! dear Olympia, may you never know
The heinous crime that's hardly yet effac'd,
To whom your birth you owe, what blood I've ſhe

SOS

SOSTHENES.

Can then my Lord, a girl in infancy,
Stol'n on Euphrates Banks, and by your ſire
Condemn'd to ſlavery, in your royal breaſt
Raiſe ſuch a conflict?———

CASSANDER.

———— Soſthenes reſpect
A ſlave to whom the world ſhould homage pay:
The wrongs of fate I labour to repair.
My father had his reaſons to conceal
The noble blood to which ſhe ow'd her birth.
What do I ſay? Oh cruel memory!
He ſet her down amongſt the victims doom'd
To bleed, that he might unmoleſted reign. . . .
Altho' in cruelty and carnage bred
I pity'd her, and turn'd my father's heart;
I who the mother ſtabb'd, the daughter ſav'd,
My frenzy and my crime ſhe never knew.
Olympia may thy error ever laſt,
Tho' as a benefactor thou doſt love
Caſſander, quickly he would have thy hate
Wert thou to know what blood his hands have ſhed.

SOSTHENES.

I don't into thoſe ſecrets ſtrive to pry,
Of your true intereſt I ſpeak alone.

Of all the ſeveral monarchs who pretend
To Alexander's throne, Antigones,
And he alone, is to your cauſe a friend.

CASSANDER.

His friendſhip I have always held moſt dear.
I will to him be faithful—

SOSTHENES.

————He to you
Equal fidelity and friendſhip owes,
But ſince we've ſeen him enter firſt theſe walls,
His heart by ſecret jealouſy ſeems fill'd,
And from your love he ſeems to be eſtrang'd.

CASSANDER.

What matters it? Oh ever honour'd ſhades
Of Alexander and Statira—Duſt
Of a fam'd hero, of a demi-god,
By my remorſe you are enough reveng'd.
Olympia from their ſhades appeas'd obtain
The peace for which my heart ſo long has ſigh'd;
Let your bright virtues all my fears diſpell,
Be my defence and Heaven propitiate;
But to this porch juſt open'd e'er the day
I ſee Antigones the King advance.

SCEN

SCENE II.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, ANTIGONES, HERMAS.

ANTIGONES. [To Hermas behind.]

I muſt this ſecret know, it importunes me.
Even in his heart I'll read what he conceals.
Depart, but be at hand——

CASSANDER.

When ſcarce the ſun
Darts his firſt rays, what cauſe can bring you here?

ANTIGONES.

Your intereſts, Caſſander, ſince the gods
By penitence you have propitious made,
The earth between us we muſt ſtrive to ſhare.
No more war's horrors Epheſus diſmay;
Your ſecret myſteries which awe inſpire
Have baniſh'd diſcord and calamities.
Monarchs contentions are awhile compos'd,
But this repoſe is ſhort, and ſoon our climes
By flames and by the ſword will be laid waſte;
The ſword's not ſheath'd nor flames extinguiſh'd yet.
Antipater's no more; your courage, cares,
His undertaking doubtleſs will compleat.
The brave Antipater had never born
To ſee Seleucus and the Lagides,

And treacherous Antiochus, inſult
The tomb of Alexander, boldly ſeize
His conqueſts and his great ſucceſſors brave.

CASSANDER.

Would to the gods that Alexander could
From heaven's height this daring man behold;
Would he were ſtill alive—

ANTIGONES.

Your words ſurprize;
Can you then Alexander's loſs regret?
What can to ſuch a ſtrange remorſe give riſe!
Of Alexander's death you're innocent.

CASSANDER.

Alas I caus'd his death—

ANTIGONES.

——He juſtly fell.
That victim loudly all the Grecians claim'd.
Long was the world of his ambition tir'd.
The poiſon that he drank from Athens came,
Perdiccas caſt it in the ſparkling bowl;
The bowl your father put into your hand,
But never intimated the deſign.
You then was young, you at the banquet ſerv'd,
The banquet where the haughty tyrant dy'd.

CA

CASSANDER.

The impious parricide excuſe no more.

ANTIGONES.

Can you then abjectly thus deify
The murderer of Clitus, whoſe fell rage
Deſtroy'd Parmenio, and who madly vain
Diſhonouring his mother durſt aſpire
To be a god, and adoration claim'd.
'Tis he deſerves the name of parricide;
And when at Babylon we cut him off,
When fate o'ertook him in the poiſon'd bowl,
We mortals and the gods at once reveng'd.

CASSANDER.

Altho' he had his faults, you ſtill muſt own
He was a hero and our lawful King.

ANTIGONES.

A hero!——

CASSANDER.

——Doubtleſs he deſerves the name.

ANTIGONES.

It was our valour, 'twas our arms, our blood,
To which the ungrateful wretch his conqueſts ow'd.

CASSANDER.

Ye tutelary gods!
Who could be more ungrateful than our ſires?
All to that rank exalted ſtrove to riſe.

But wherefore were his wife and children ſlain?
Who can relate the horrors of that day?

ANTIGONES.

This late repentance fills me with ſurprize,
Jealous and quite ſuſpicious of his friends
He was become a Perſian, had eſpous'd
The daughter of Darius; we were ſlaves.
Do you then wiſh that furious for revenge
Statira had his ſubjects rous'd to arms,
And to his ſhade had ſacrific'd us all?
She arm'd them all, Antipater himſelf
That day with difficulty 'ſcap'd her rage.
A father's life you ſav'd——

CASSANDER.

——'Tis true, but ſtill
This hand the wife of Alexander ſlew.

ANTIGONES.

It is the fate of combats, our ſucceſs
Should not be follow'd by regret and tears.

CASSANDER.

After the fatal ſtroke I wept I own,
And ſtain'd with that auguſt but hapleſs blood,
Aſtoniſh'd at myſelf and mad with grief
For what my father forc'd me to commit,
I long have groan'd in ſecret—

AN

ANTIGONES.

——But declare
Wherefore to-day you feel theſe pangs of grief.
A friend ſhould to a friend his heart diſcloſe,
You ſtill diſſemble———.

CASSANDER.

Friend, what can I ſay?
Depend upon it there's a time the heart
To virtue's paths by inſtinct's force returns;
And when the memory of former guilt
With terror harrows up the frighted ſoul.

ANTIGONES.

Of murders expiated think no more;
But let us to our intereſts ſtill attend.
If your ſoul muſt be ruffl'd by remorſe,
Repent that you've abandon'd Aſia's plains
To inſolent Antiochus's ſway.
May my brave warriors and your valiant Greeks
Again with terror ſhake Euphrates ſhores:
Of all theſe upſtart Kings elate with pride
Not one is worthy of the name, not one
Like us has ſerv'd Darius conqueror.
Our chiefs are all cut off———

CAS-

CASSANDER.

——— Perhaps the Gods
Have ſacrific'd them to their monarch's ſhade.

ANTIGONES.

We who ſtill live ſhould labour to reſtore
The few who have ſurviv'd the general wreck.
The victor dying, to the worthieſt left
His hoſt, who ſaves it is the man he meant.
My fortune and your own at once ſecure,
The ſtrongeſt all men muſt the worthieſt own.
The fallen powers of Greece let's raiſe again:
Let diſcord from our councils be remov'd,
Leaſt to theſe tyrants we ſhould fall a prey;
They were not born to vie with men like us,
Say will you ſecond me?———

CASSANDER.

——— My friend I ſwear
I'm ready to aſſert our common cauſe.
Unworthy hands have Aſia's ſcepter ſeiz'd,
Nile and th' Euphrates both are tyranniz'd;
I'll fight for you, for Greece and for myſelf.

ANTIGONES.

Int'reſt your promiſe dictates; both I truſt,
But much more in your friendſhip I confide,
That ſecret tye by which we both are bound.

But of your friendſhip I require a proof;
Do not refuſe it.

CASSANDER.

By your doubt I'm wrong'd.
If what you aſk is in my pow'r, your will
I as a ſacred order ſhall obey.

ANTIGONES.

Perhaps you will conſider with ſurprize
The trifle which in friendſhip's name I aſk;
'Tis but a ſlave ——.

CASSANDER.

——— All mine you may command,
They're proſtrate at your feet, chuſe which you will.

ANTIGONES.

A foreign damſel ſuffer me to aſk,
In Babylon made captive by your ſire,
She's your's by lot, I claim her as the prize
Of labours which for you I've undergone.
Your father hardly us'd her, I am told,
But in my court ſhe'll meet with due reſpect.
Her name's Olympia.——

CASSANDER.

Olympia!

ANTIGONES.

That's the fair one's name.

CAS-

CASSANDER.

How unexpectedly he wounds my heart!
Muſt I reſign Olympia?

ANTIGONES.

Hear me, friend,
I hope I ſhall Caſſander grateful find;
In trifles a refuſal may offend,
And ſure you do not mean to injure me.

CASSANDER.

No, you ſhall ſoon the youthful ſlave behold;
You ſhall yourſelf decide if 'twould be fit
That I ſhould give her up at your requeſt:
To this ſhrine none profane can find acceſs.
Under the inſpection of the pow'rs divine,
Olympia 'midſt the prieſteſſes remains.
The gates will open at the proper time
Within this porch, to which acceſs is free;
My coming wait, and all complaint ſuſpend.
New myſteries may ſtrike you with ſurprize;
You quickly may determine whether kings
Can to Olympia now have any claim.

[*He enters the temple again, and Soſthenes goes out.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Antigones and Hermas in the porch.

HERMAS.

ly Lord you move my wonder, whilſt alarms
ırb all Aſia, and a hundred kings
power ſupreme in fields of blood contend;
:n fortune Alexander's wide domains
ares amongſt the valiant to divide.
lſt greatly you to ſovereign ſway lay claim,
a ſlave be the object of your wiſh?

ANTIGONES.

our wonder's juſt; but reaſons, which to none
e diſcloſe, to this purſuit excite.
aps this ſlave may of importance prove
ıſia's kings; to all men who aſpire;
im who in his boſom bears a heart
:h nobly aims at Alexander's throne.
geſt conjectures long my ſoul has fram'd
ı the ſlave's adventures, and her name.
ght for information; oft my eyes
gaz'd upon her from theſe ramparts height.
time and place to which ſhe owes her birth,
great reſpect which even a maſter ſhews her,

Caſ-

Caſſander's ſorrow and obſcure diſcourſe,
With freſh ſuſpicions have my ſoul inſpir'd;
The myſtery dark, I think, I can ſee thro'.

HERMAS.

He loves her, I am told; and, with the care
Of a kind father, educates her youth.

ANTIGONES.

We'll know the truth, but ſee the temple opens
And ſhews the ſacred altar deck'd with flowers.
The prieſteſſes are rang'd on either ſide;
The high prieſt ſits within the ſacred ſhrine,
Caſſander and Olympia now advance.

SCENE IV.

The three doors of the temple are opened. The inſide of the temple is diſcovered. The prieſts advance ſlowly on one ſide, and the prieſteſſes on the other. They are all cloathed in white raiment, with blue girdles, the ends of which touch the ground. Caſſander and Olympia lay their hands upon the altar. Antigones and Hermas ſtand in the porch.

CASSANDER.

Oh God of kings and gods, eternal mind
Who in theſe ſacred myſteries ſtand reveal'd;

Who

Who doſt the wicked puniſh, and the juſt
Support, with whom remorſe atones for crimes:
Great God confirm the vows which here I make.
Olympia, heavenly fair! thoſe vows receive;
To you my throne, my life I dedicate.
A love as pure, as holy as the fire
Of Veſta, which ne'er dies, I promiſe here.
To heaven devoted, prieſteſſes auguſt,
Receive the vows and promiſes I make,
Bear them in clouds of incenſe to the throne
Of liſtening gods, and may they ſtill avert
The puniſhment that's due to crimes like mine.

OLYMPIA.

Protect, O Gods! in whom I put my truſt,
The maſter who ſupply'd a father's care;
Let my kind lover and my huſband ſtill
Be dear to you, and worthy of your care.
My heart is to you known, his rank, his crown
Are the leaſt gifts which on me he beſtows:
'Tis your's to anſwer for my ardent flame,
Who here bear witneſs to it's purity.
May I from him to pleaſe you learn, and may
Your juſtice doom me to th' infernal ſhades,
If faithleſs to your laws I e'er forget
My former ſtate, and what I owe to him.

CAS-

CASSANDER.

Let's to the shrine return, where bliss invites.
The solemn pomp you Priestesses prepare,
The pomp from which my happiness I date;
Sanctify both my passion and my life,
I've at the temple seen the Gods, in her
I see them; may they hate me if I am false,
Antigones you hear what I have said,
Sufficient answer have I now return'd?
Acknowledge now that you should cease to claim
Cassander's slave; know even my throne itself,
And all my grandeur, are below her worth.
Whatever friendship may unite our hearts,
You cannot such a sacrifice expect.

They enter the temple again, and the doors are shut.

SCENE V.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS.

ANTIGONES.

I doubt no more, I have discover'd all.
He brav'd me, but his ruin is at hand.
He's ardent and impetuous, and prone
Sometimes to serve the Gods, sometimes offend;
The world has many characters like his,
Made up of passion and religious zeal.

With headlong paſſion, tenderneſs they mix,
They oft repent, and all things undertake.
He ſays he weds a ſlave, ah never think
That love could make him ſo debaſe himſelf.
That ſlave is of a race himſelf reſpects,
His ſecret machinations I ſurmiſe.
He thinks in virtue of Olympia's rights
He one day may become ſupreme of Kings.
Had love alone been maſter of his breaſt,
He had not from me kept it thus conceal'd.
His friendſhip weak, you'll quickly ſee give place
To rancour and inveterate enmity.

HERMAS.

Perhaps to his infatuated heart,
Deſigns too deep for lovers you aſcribe;
Our actions oft, even in our great concerns,
Are but effects which from our paſſions ſpring.
Their power tyrannic, we in vain diſguiſe,
The weak is oft a politician deem'd;
Caſſander's not the firſt King who has ſtoop'd
To love a ſlave, and raiſe her to his bed.
Heroes have often, by their flames ſubdu'd,
Yielded to women, whilſt they monarchs brav'd.

ANTIGONES.

What you have ſaid, is juſt, you reaſon right,

But

But all I ſee, ſuſpicion has confirm'd.
Shall I avow the truth? Olympia's charms
Have jealouſy excited in my ſoul:
My ſecret ſentiments too plain you ſee.
Perhaps love mingles with theſe great concerns.
More than I thought, their marriage grieves my ſoul.
Caſſander's not the only man that's weak.

HERMAS.

But he rely'd upon you. Can then kings
Never be to the laws of friendſhip true?
Nor your alliance, nor your fellowſhip
In arms, the dangers which you both have ſhar'd,
Nor oaths redoubl'd, nor united cares,
Can ſave you from the woes that diſcord brings.
Is then true friendſhip baniſh'd from the earth?

ANTIGONES.

I know to friendſhip Greece has temples rais'd,
To int'reſt none, tho' int'reſt's there ador'd.
At once with love and with ambition blind,
Caſſander hides from me Olympia's birth.
Caſſander views me with a jealous eye:
He's in the right; perhaps this very day
The object of his wiſhes will be mine.

[*The initiated, the prieſts and the prieſteſſes paſs over the ſtage in proceſſion, with garlands of flowers in their hands.*

HER-

HERMAS.

has receiv'd her hand, the ſacred ſhrine
ly ſees their nuptial pomp prepar'd;
iitiated, follow'd by the prieſts,
garlands in their hands, attend in crowds.
:he rites love's ſacred pow'r preſides.

ANTIGONES.

nqueſt may be raviſh'd from him ſoon:
on your fidelity rely.
laws, and people, will for me declare.
a moment fly theſe odious pomps,
ike the meaſures my deſigns require;
pollute this ſanctuary o'er,
ith the blood of bulls, but human gore.

End of the firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The three doors of the temple are opened. The this ſcene, and many others, are ſuppoſed to pa the innermoſt part of the temple, as theatres not built in a manner favourable to the voice, performers are obliged to advance forwards tow the porch; but the three doors of the temple open, to ſhew that they are ſuppoſed to be in temple.

The Hierophantes, the Prieſts and the Prieſteſſe

The HIEROPHANTES.

WHAT in theſe ſacred days, this ſhrine aug
When God conſoles the juſt, and ſins forgi
Shall one of all the prieſteſſes preſume
To interrupt the rites, and diſobey?
Muſt Arzane from duty be exempt?

One of the PRIESTESSES.

Arzane bent on ſilence in retreat,
Bathes with her tears the ſtatues of the gods;
She hides herſelf, my lord, from every eye;
A prey to grief, and weaken'd by her woes,
And wiſhes death may end her miſery.

Th

The HIEROPHANTES.

Her woes we pity, but ſhe muſt obey;
Let her a moment at the rites attend.
Since ſhe has lain conceal'd in her retreat,
Firſt on this day her preſence is requir'd.
* Bid her approach, the ſacred will of heav'n
Calls to the altar, and won't brook delay.
Adorn'd by her with wreaths of gayeſt flow'rs,
Olympia muſt before the gods be led.
Initiated in our ſacred rites,
Caſſander muſt be purify'd by her;
Our myſteries ſoon muſt be compleat, and all
The orders of the gods muſt be obey'd;
They never vary, are for ever fix'd,
Nor like the changeful laws of humankind.

SCENE II.

The HIEROPHANTES, the Prieſts and Prieſteſſes, STATIRA

The HIEROPHANTES, *to Statira.*

You muſt not duty's ſacred call neglect,
Nor your moſt holy miniſtry decline.
Since in this bleſt aſylum firſt you made
The vow, which never more can be recall'd;

* The inferior prieſteſs goes in queſt of Arzane.

Upon this day first by the gods you're chosen
Their laws to Asia's victors to declare.
Be worthy of the God you represent.

STATIRA, *covered with a veil which does not conceal her features.*

Oh heavens, why after fifteen years that here,
Within deep solitudes and silent walls,
Remote from mankind fate has bury'd me;
Why do you force me from obscurity?
Why do you bring me to the light and woe?

[*To the Hierophantes.*]

My Lord, when to this temple I repair'd,
'Twas but to weep, and die in secret here.
You know that was my purpose —

The HIEROPHANTES.

— Other laws
The will of heaven prescribes you on this day,
And since at nuptials now you first preside,
Your name, your rank no longer must be hid.
You must declare them —

STATIRA.

— Sir, what matter these?
The blood of beggars and the blood of kings,
Are they not equal in the sight of heaven?
By heaven we're better known than by ourselves,
Great names might formerly have dazzled me;

They're

They're all forgotten in the ſilent tomb,
Let them be ever blotted from my mind.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Vain glory and ambition we renounce,
In this point we're agreed but ſtill the gods
Exact a full confeſſion of the truth.
Say all, you ſhudder —

STATIRA.

— So you will yourſelf.

[*To the Prieſts and Prieſteſſes.*]

You who on heaven's high majeſty attend,
Who ſhare my fate, whoſe lives are paſt in prayer,
Religiouſly my ſecret ever keep.

The HIEROPHANTES.

We ſwear it ſolemnly.

STATIRA.

— Ere I proceed,
Say is Caſſander, that blood-thirſty man
Admitted to your ſacred myſteries.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Madam, he is —

STATIRA.

— Are then his crimes aton'd?

The HIEROPHANTES.

Of mercy every mortal ſtands in need.
If innocence alone could heaven approach,

Who in this temple would the gods adore?
All human virtue from repentance ſprings.
Such is th' eternal order of the gods,
Mortals are guilty, but heaven pardons all.

STATIRA.

If you then know the barbarous, horrid deeds
Which make him ſue for grace and vengeance dread,
If you knew that by him his maſter fell,
A maſter dear to heaven, and if you know
What blood he ſhed within theſe flaming walls,
When even in dying Alexander's eyes,
He gor'd the boſom of his weeping queen,
And threw her dying on her huſband's corpſe,
You'll ſtill be more ſurpriz'd when I've reveal'd
Secrets as yet unknown to human kind.
That wife who once on glory's ſummit ſat,
Whoſe memory bleeding Perſia honours ſtill,
Darius' daughter, Alexander's wife,
She's here before you, aſk her nothing more.

[*The Prieſts and Prieſteſſes lift up their hands and bend their bodies.*]

The HIEROPHANTES.

What have I heard, you gods whom crimes offend,
How do you ſtrike your images on earth,
Statira in this temple, give me leave
Reſpect profoundeſt —

STA-

STATIRA.

—Riſe thou reverend Prieſt.
No longer am I miſtreſs of the world,
Only reſpect the anguiſh of my mind.
In me of human greatneſs ſee the fate,
What my ſire found the moment of his death,
I found in Babylon when drench'd in blood.
Darius king of kings of throne depriv'd,
A fugitive in deſerts, quite forlorn,
By his own treacherous followers was ſlain,
A ſtranger wretched out-caſt of the earth,
Conſol'd his miſery in his dying hour,
See you that woman to my court a ſtranger.

[*Shewing the inferior Prieſteſs.*]

Her hand, her hand alone preſerv'd my life.
'Twas ſhe that brought me from the ſlaughter'd heap
Where my baſe friends had left me to expire;
She is of Epheſus my ſteps ſhe led
To this aſylum on my realms confines.
I ſaw my ſpoils by numerous plunderers torn,
The field ſtrew'd o'er with dying and the dead,
All Alexander's ſoldiers rais'd to kings,
And public robberies call'd great exploits.
The world I hated and its various woes,

I left it, and liv'd here interr'd alive.
I own I mourn a daughter much belov'd,
Torn from me whilſt I welter'd in my gore,
This ſtranger here is all my family.
My huſband, daughter, and Darius loſt,
Heaven's my reſource alone —

The HIEROPHANTES.

— Be heaven your prop.
From the throne which you loſt to heaven you riſe,
God's temple is your court, be happy there.
Your grandeur tho' auguſt was dangerous,
The throne was terrible, forget it quite,
And look upon it with a pitying eye.

STATIRA.

This temple, Sir, ſometimes has calm'd my griefs.
But you may well conceive how much I'm ſhock'd
At ſeeing by Caſſander the ſame gods
Implor'd, whom I've invok'd againſt his head.

The HIEROPHANTES.

This, I acknowledge, needs muſt give you pain:
But our law ſpeaks to you and muſt be heard.
You have embrac'd it. —

STATIRA.

— Could I ever think
It would ſo horrid an injunction lay?

The

The torch of my ſad days grows pale and dim,
And theſe laſt moments which high heaven beſtows
What purpoſe ſerve they? —

The HIEROPHANTES.

—— You'll perhaps forgive,
You have yourſelf trac'd out your great career,
Proceed in it and never look behind.
Shades when unbound from cumbrous, fleſhly chains,
Taſte laſting reſt, and are from paſſion free.
A new day gives them light, a cloudleſs day;
They live for heav'n, their lot is like to ours.
Soon on our hearts a bleſt retreat beſtows
Oblivion of our enemies and griefs.

STATIRA.

I'm prieſteſs now, 'tis true, tho' once a queen.
My duty's harſh, oh! with my weakneſs bear.
What muſt I do? —

The HIEROPHANTES.

— Olympia on her knees
Will ſoon appear before you, then 'tis yours
To bleſs the marriage of th' illuſtrious pair.

STATIRA.

I'll reconcile her to a life of woe,
That is the lot of mortals.———

The HIEROPHANTES.

——— The incenſe,
The water for ablution and the gifts,
Offer'd up to the gods, your royal hands
Shall bear, and at their ſacred ſhrine preſent.

STATIRA.

For whom ſhould I preſent them, wretch, muſt then
My life be fill'd with horror to it's cloſe?
In my retreat I thought to ſcape from woe,
Oh fruitleſs hope, woe every where abounds:
Let me obey the law which I have made.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Farewell, I both lament you and admire.
Behold ſhe comes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

STATIRA and OLYMPIA. [*The ſtage ſtakes.*

STATIRA.

Dark and aweful cells
You ſhake, a horrid murmur ſtrikes my ear:
The temple quakes, muſt nature then be mov'd
When ſhe appears, muſt all my ſenſes fail,
And the ſame trouble and confuſion feel?

OLYMPIA, [*terrified.*]

Ah madam!

STA-

STATIRA.

Young, tender victim to the nuptial law
Approach, theſe frightful omens crime denote,
Such charms as your's for virtue's ſelf ſeem made.

OLYMPIA.

My ſinking courage, oh juſt gods ſupport,
Oh you the confident of their decrees,
Deign to direct my innocence and youth.
I claim your care, my terror diſſipate.

STATIRA.

Alas, mine your's exceeds; embrace me daughter.
Do you then know your huſband's hiſtory,
Or do you know your country or your birth?

OLYMPIA.

Of humble birth, I never did expect
My preſent rank, to which I have no right.
Caſſander, madam's King, he deign'd in Greece
To educate me at his father's court.
Since I've been near his perſon, I have ſeen
In him the greateſt of all human kind.
The huſband's dear, the maſter is rever'd,
Thus have I all my ſentiments made known.

STATIRA.

How eaſily a youthful heart's deceiv'd?
How much I love your candid innocence?

Caſſander then has taken charge of you.
Do you not from ſome King derive your birth?

OLYMPIA.

Can none love virtue or obey its laws,
But ſuch as from a kingly race deſcend?

STATIRA.

I think not ſo, guilt dwells too near the throne.

OLYMPIA.

I was a ſlave, no more.———

STATIRA.

——— I'm much ſurpriz'd.
Upon your front auguſt, and in your eyes,
In every noble feature of your face
We read the virtues of a royal mind.
Could you be then a ſlave?

OLYMPIA.

——— Antipater
Seiz'd on my infancy by chance of war.
All to his ſon I owe.———

STATIRA.

——— Your firſt days thus
Have felt misfortunes, which at length have ceas'd;
My woes have been as laſting as my life.
Say where, and when you were by fate involv'd
In ills which brought you to captivity.

OLYMPIA.

I'm told a King, the world's victorious lord
Was ſlain, and rivals for his empire ſtrove;
That whilſt it was by fierce contentions torn,
In Babylon Caſſander ſav'd my life,
When it was threaten'd by the murd'rous blade.

STATIRA.

In days made ſad by Alexander's death,
Were you then captive of Antipater,
And did you by Caſſander's favours live?

OLYMPIA.

I never could learn more, misfortunes paſt,
Felicity has baniſh'd from my thought.

STATIRA.

Captive at Babylon; eternal powers
Do you then make of mortals woes your ſport?
The time, the place, her age, have in my ſoul
At once rous'd joy, grief, tenderneſs, and dread.
Am I not then deceiv'd? Upon her face
My valiant huſband's image is impreſs'd. . . .

OLYMPIA.

What ſay you?——

STATIRA.

——— Heavens! ſuch looks the hero caſt,
When mild and from the bloody field retir'd!

He rais'd my family, which ſcarce had 'ſcap'd
Th' inſatiate fury of the murderous blade!
When he rais'd all my fallen family
To their firſt rank, and when his hand touch'd mine!
Illuſion dear! enchanting hope! but vain.
Can it be poſſible! Liſt, princeſs, liſt,
Pity the agitation of my ſoul!
Have you no memory of a mother left!

OLYMPIA.

Thoſe who have had it in their pow'r to tell
Of the tranſactions of my infancy,
Inform'd me, that I, in thoſe days of ſlaughter,
Was even, when in my cradle, made a ſlave.
A mother's fondneſs ne'er to me was known.
I know not who I am, from whom I'm ſprung.
Alas, you ſigh, you weep; my trickling tears
I mix with your's, and in them I find charms.
With faint embrace your languid arms claſp me;
Your organs fail; you ſtrive to ſpeak, in vain.
Speak to me.—

STATIRA.

My utt'rance fails, I ſink, I'm overwhelm'd;
The trouble which I feel will end my days.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Prieſteſs of heav'n, and queen of human race,
Say what new change has happen'd in your fate?
What muſt we do? What art thou now to hear?

STATIRA.

Misfortunes, but I'm now prepar'd for all.

The HIEROPHANTES.

The greateſt good is ever daſh'd with grief;
No bliſs is pure. Antigones's rage,
The troops, the citizens that riſe in arms,
The general voice, by ardent zeal inſpir'd,
All theſe things prove the object you behold,
Like you long bury'd in obſcurity.
The object which your hands ſhould to Caſſander
This day have given, Olympia—

STATIRA.

——What mean's this!

The HIEROPHANTES.

Is daughter of the late victorious king.

STATIRA, *(running to embrace Olympia.)*

My torn heart had told me this before.
My child! my daughter! dear, but fatal names;

OLYMPIA.

Do I then preſs you in a cloſe embrace,
When by your marriage thus you wound my ſoul.

OLYMPIA.

Does then to be my mother make you grieve?

STATIRA.

No, I thank heav'n, whoſe anger long I felt,
Nature pleads loudly, joy pours on my ſoul;
But heav'n deprives me of the promis'd bliſs.
You are to wed Caſſander.—

OLYMPIA.

If from you
Olympia is deſcended, if the love
A parent bears a child inſpires your heart,
Caſſander ſurely never could offend.

The HIEROPHANTES.

You are deſcended from her, doubt it not;
Caſſander owns and will atteſt the truth.
With him united, may you both find means
To make two hoſtile races live in peace.

OLYMPIA.

Is he your foe then, am I ſo accurs'd?

STATIRA.

The villain poiſon'd your victorious ſire;
He plung'd his dagger in your mother's breaſt,

Even in her breaſt whoſe hapleſs womb firſt bore you;
He plung'd the ſteel which oft had princes pierc'd:
Even to this temple he purſues my ſteps;
The gods he braves, pretending to appeaſe:
He tears you from your weeping mother's arms,
And can you aſk me why I hate this man?

OLYMPIA.

Does then the conqueror's family ſurvive?
Are you his widow; is he then my ſire?
Have I my mother's aſſaſſin eſpous'd?
Am I become an object of your wrath;
And is this marriage then a horrid crime?

The HIEROPHANTES.

Hope in the gods—

OLYMPIA.

Ah, if their ruthleſs hate
To my ſoul's wiſhes can no hopes afford;
Opening my eyes a pit they op'd before me.
Knowing myſelf too well I know my fate.
My great misfortune is to know my birth,
Before the altar where you joined our hands
I ſhould have fallen, and at your feet expir'd.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, and a Prieſt.

The PRIEST.

The temple's threaten'd, all our myſteries
Quickly will be prophan'd by impious hands;

The

The two contending Kings dispute the right
There to command where gods alone should sway,
Groans heard within these vaults foreboded this,
In sign of this the ground shook under us.
The gods denounce some change to mortal man,
The earth offends them; they must be appeas'd.
The furious people whom fell discord fires
Run headlong to this temple's sacred porch.
Two rival factions Ephesus divide.
Like other nations we shall be at strife;
Morals, peace, sanctity, shall all give way;
Kings shall prevail and we shall have a Lord.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Ah may they bear from Ephesus their crimes,
And leave one place of refuge to the earth:
Oh royal mother sprung from royal race,
Olympia, shall I say Cassander's wife?
Before these altars you'll protection find.
To daring Kings I shall present myself.
I know how much respect is due to crowns,
But more by far is due to Heaven that gives them.
Let them keep fair with Heaven if they would reign:
We have not arms or soldiers, it is true,
Our power we only from our laws derive;

od's my ſupport, his temple's my defence,
ould tyranny once dare to make approach.
y bloody corſe awhile ſhall bar its way.

(The Hierophantes goes out with the inferior Prieſt.)

SCENE VI.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

STATIRA.

Oh fate! oh God of altars and of thrones!
ɔpoſe Caſſander, ſhield Antigones.
ıuſt, my daughter, in my cloſe of life
d only from my enemies expect,
ıd look for vengeance in my miſery
ɔm the uſurpers of your father's throne;
ɔm my own ſubjects who with jealous rage
ıntend for ſtates of which I was poſſeſs'd!
ıey're now my maſters; once they were my ſlaves.
ı noble race of Cyrus the renown'd,
ɔw from thy ancient glory art thou fallen!
vain is greatneſs, thou art known no more.

OLYMPIA.

Mother, I follow you, in this ſad day
nder me worthy of your glorious name;
ɔ do my duty's all I hope for now.

STATIRA.

Sprung from a King who over Kings has reign'd,
ɔ that and equal glory thou haſt gain'd.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(The Temple is ſhut.)

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, *(within the Porch.)*

CASSANDER.

THE truth prevails, no more can I ſuppreſs
The fatal ſecret by my ſire conceal'd:
Forc'd to the public voice at length to yield
To a King's daughter I have juſtice done;
Should I then longer injure royal blood
By cruel ſilence keeping it conceal'd?
Already I've incurr'd enough of guilt.

SOSTHENES.

A jealous rival of Olympia's name
Avails himſelf intent upon your ruin;
The people he excites, the town's alarm'd.
Antigones religious zeal contemns,
And yet has blown its fire to tenfold rage.
Tis thought a ſhocking crime in you to wed
The daughter, you who had the mother ſlain.

CASSANDER.

Ye gods the keen reproaches of my heart
Torture me more than all the Epheſians ſay,
The hearts of all the citizens I've calm'd,

Yet ſtill my own is by the furies torn
Victim of love and of my cruelty.
I would have had her all things owe to me,
Not know a fate replete with horrors dire.
Her ſire's dominions to her I reſtor'd,
Tranſmitted from Antipater to me.
Bleſt in the favours on my love conferr'd,
I was to calm tranquillity reſtor'd,
I had repair'd all wrongs and juſtice done.
My heart indeed was conſcious of no crime;
I kill'd Statira by the chance of war,
Even whilſt I ſtrove to ſave a father's life,
'Twas in the heat of ſlaughter and of rage
When duty to exceſs my valour drove;
'Twas in the blindneſs which a ſable cloud
Of horror ſhed upon my darken'd eyes;
I ſhudder'd to think on it e'er I felt
The fatal paſſion which enſlav'd my ſoul,
I thought myſelf acquitted in the ſight
Of God and of the world, not in my own,
Nor in Olympia's, that's what racks my ſoul;
Deſpair lies that way; ſhe muſt either chuſe
To ſeal my pardon or to pierce my heart,
This heart that burns with love's conſuming fire.

SOST-

SOSTHENES.

'Tis ſaid, Olympia to this temple brought
Can here retract the faith which ſhe has ſworn.

CASSANDER.

I know it, Soſthenes, and if this law
Should be abus'd by her my ſoul adores,
Woe to my rival and the temple too;
Tho' I am here a model of true zeal,
The temple I'd a ſcene of vengeance make.
But let me baniſh far this terror vain;
I am belov'd, her heart was ever mine;
The god of love ſhall undertake my cauſe:
To her upon the wings of love I fly.

SCENE II.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, the HIEROPHANTES, (*coming out of the Temple.*)

CASSANDER.

Interpreter of Heaven and miniſter
Of clemency, I in this ſolemn day
Have from your temple baniſh'd war's alarms:
I have not fought againſt Antigones.
Days to peace conſecrated I rever'd;
That peace to my diſtracted ſoul reſtore.
My rites are numerous, I'll defend them all;

·et us conclude this marriage. But firſt ſay
Vhat does the daughter of the conqueror?

The HIEROPHANTES.

My Lord, Olympia duties now fulfils,
)uties moſt ſacred, to her heart moſt dear.

CASSANDER.

Mine ſhares them. Where's the prieſteſs, whoſe kind hand
s to preſent the bride and bleſs our loves.

The HIEROPHANTES.

She'll bring her quickly, may ſuch glorious ties
lot end in the deſtruction of you both.

CASSANDER.

Alas! upon this very day the woes
long groan'd under ſeem'd to have an end.
'or the firſt time a moment of repoſe
eem'd to becalm the troubles of my ſoul.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Perhaps Olympia's woe ſurpaſſes yours.

CASSANDER.

What do you ſay? can ſhe have ought to fear?

The HIEROPHANTES, *(going.)*

Too ſoon you'll know it—

CASSANDER.

Stay, explain yourſelf.
lo you eſpouſe Antigones's cauſe?

The

The HIEROPHANTES.

Forbid it, Heaven, that I ſhould paſs the bounds
Which to my zeal my duty has preſcrib'd.
The din of factions, the intrigues of courts,
The paſſions that diſtract the human ſoul
Have never troubled our obſcure retreats;
We lift pure hands unto the God we ſerve.
Conteſts of Kings too much to diſcord prone
We learn but with intention to compoſe;
And of their greatneſs we ſhould never hear
Did they not often need our friendly prayers.
I go, my Lord, to invoke the immortal gods
For you, Olympia, and for many more.

CASSANDER.

Olympia!

The HIEROPHANTES.

This moment to the temple ſhe returns.
Try if ſhe ſtill will own you for her Lord.
I leave you. [*He goes out, and the temple opens*

SCENE III.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, STATIRA, OLYMPIA

CASSANDER.

By heaven ſhe trembles, and I quake all o'er,
You caſt upon the ground your ſtreaming eyes!

You turn aſide that face where nature's hand
With the moſt ſtrong expreſſion trac'd at once
The nobleſt and the tendereſt of ſouls!

OLYMPIA, [*throwing herſelf into her mother's arms.*]
Ah cruel man! ah madam!

CASSANDER.
Speak, explain
This agitation. Wherefore do you fly me?
Whoſe arms do you run into? What means this?
Why muſt my anxious ſoul be thus alarm'd?
Who is't attends and bathes you with her tears?

STATIRA, [*unveiling and turning towards Caſſander.*]
Haſt thou forgot me?——

CASSANDER.
—— At that voice, thoſe looks
My blood runs cold, where am I? What means this?

STATIRA.
That thou'rt a villain——

CASSANDER.
Is Statira here?

STATIRA.
Behold thou wretch the widow of thy Lord,
Olympia's mother.——

CASSANDER.
Oh you bolts of Jove,
Againſt my guilty head point all your rage.

STA-

STATIRA.

Thou ſhouldſt have ſooner for deſtruction pray'd,
Eternal enemy of me and mine,
If 'twas the will of heaven that both my throne
And huſband to thy rage ſhould owe their fall;
If amidſt carnage, in that day of crimes
Thy cowardice and cruelty was ſuch,
That thou couldſt pierce a woman's breaſt, and plunge
Her body in the flood of gore ſhe ſhed,
Leave me what of that hapleſs blood remains,
Muſt you be ever fatal to my peace?
Tear not my daughter from my heart, my arms,
Deprive me not of her whom heaven reſtores,
Reſpect the place of refuge which I've choſen,
That from earth's tyrants' I might live retir'd.
Monſter to crimes inur'd, ceaſe, ceaſe at length
In ſacred tombs to perſecute the dead.

CASSANDER.

Leſs dread the voice of thunder would inſpire,
I dare not proſtrate kiſs the ground before you:
I own I am made unworthy by my crimes,
If in excuſe war's horrors I ſhould urge,
If I ſhould ſay I was impos'd upon
When the illuſtrious hero was cut off;
That I to ſerve my ſire took arms againſt you,

I ſhe

I ſhould not pacify your angry ſoul.
You'll no excuſe admit, tho' I might ſay
I ſav'd your daughter whom my ſoul adores;
That at your feet I lay my crown and realms.
All makes againſt me, no defence you'll hear,
Soon to my wretched life I'd put an end,
A life whoſe puniſhment outweighs it's guilt,
If your own child, ſpight of herſelf and me,
Did not attach me to deteſted life.
Your daughter I brought up with tender care,
And to her friends and father's place ſupply'd;
She has my every wiſh, my heart; the gods
Perhaps have made us in this temple meet,
That we by Hymen's ſacred ties might change,
The horrors of our deſtiny to bliſs.

STATIRA.

Heav'ns! what a match, could you the villain wed
Who ſlew your ſire, and would have murder'd me?

OLYMPIA.

No, no, extinguiſh'd ever be the torch,
The guilty torch of nuptials ſo accurſt:
Blot from my heart the ſhocking memory
Of thoſe dire bands which were to join our hands.
My ſoul prefers, you'll wonder at the choice,
Your aſhes to the ſceptre he beſtows.

I muſt not heſitate; in yours kind arms
Let me forget his love, and all his crimes.
Your daughter loving him partook his guilt.
Forgive me, my dire ſacrifice accept:
Think not his villainies involve my heart,
But keep me, keep me ever from his ſight.

STATIRA.

Thou ſhew'ſt a ſpirit worthy of thy race.
Theſe ſentiments revive my drooping ſoul.
Eternal Gods, could you have then decreed
That with theſe hands I ſhould Olympia give
To the moſt barbarous of the human race.
Can you exact it of me? Such a deed
The Prieſteſs and the mother both diſclaim.
You pity'd me, it was not your deſign
That I ſo dire a duty ſhould perform . . .
Villain no more the altar and the throne
Inſult, the walls of Babylon you ſtain'd
With this heart's blood, but I would rather ſee
That blood ſhed now by ſuch a parricide,
Than ſee my foe, my ſubject — ſee Caſſander
Preſume audaciouſly to proffer love
To Alexander's daughter, and to mine.

CASSANDER.

Still with more rigour I condemn myſelf;
But then I love, to frantic love give way.
Olympia's mine; who was her ſire I know;
Like him I am a king, I have the right,
I have the power, in fine, Olympia's mine.
Her fate and mine are not to be disjoin'd.
Neither her fears nor you, the gods, my crimes,
Nor aught ſhall break a tie ſo ſanctify'd;
The gods did not my penitence reject,
When they united us they pardon'd all.
But if you'd rob me of my charming bride,
Whoſe hand I have received and plighted faith,
This blood you firſt muſt ſhed, pluck out this heart
Which beats for her alone, which you deteſt.
No privilege your altars ſhall protect,
Who murder'd now ſhall ſacrilege commit.
I'll from this temple, from your very arms,
From the unpitying gods bear off my wife.
I ſeek for death, 'tis my deſire, my wiſh,
But I'll the huſband of Olympia die.
In ſpite of you I'll carry to the grave
The tendereſt love, and moſt illuſtrious name,
And grief for an involuntary crime,
Which will the manes of her ſire appeaſe.

[*Exit Caſſander with Seſthenes.*]

SCENE IV.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

STATIRA.

What horrid blaſphemies have reach'd my ear?
Daughter, how dearly for thy life I pay!
The horrors which I feel you ſuffer too,
My grief I in your eyes conſpicuous read;
Our hearts ſtill ſympathize, your kind embraces
And deep-fetch'd ſighs conſole my wounded ſoul;
Becauſe you ſhare my griefs I feel them leſs;
In you I find a ſhelter from the ſtorm.
I brave my fate ſince you poſſeſs a heart
Worthy of Alexander and of me.

OLYMPIA.

Heav'n knows my heart was ne'er by nature form'd
To copy after yours, to be inſpir'd
By ſuch high ſentiments, ſuch ſwelling virtues.
O widow of fam'd Alexander, ſprung
From fam'd Darius, wherefore being torn
From thy maternal arms, was I brought up
By this Caſſander, thy moſt mortal foe?
Why on Olympia did your aſſaſſin
Unaſk'd new favours every day confer?
Why did he not with cruel hand oppreſs me?

Too

Too dangerous favours! why was I belov'd?
Heavens, who do I behold in this retreat!

[*Antigones advances.*

SCENE V.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, ANTIGONES.

ANTIGONES.

—— Retire not queen.
You ſee a king by Alexander taught,
His widow I reſpect and will defend.
You from that altar's foot again might riſe
To the high rank which you poſſeſs'd before;
Replace your daughter there, and vengeance take
Of that proud raviſher who injures both
Your ſtory's known, and every heart is yours;
All men are weary of thoſe tyrants' yoke,
Who at your huſband's death the empire ſeiz'd.
Your name this revolution will ſupport;
As your defender will you own me here?

STATIRA

Yes, if 'tis pity that directs your heart,
And if this friendly offer is ſincere.

ANTIGONES.

I will not ſuffer an audacious youth
To gain a double right to Cyrus' throne,

When of your virtuous daughter's hand poſſeſt,
He is unworthy, and I cannot doubt
But you will never grant him your conſent.
I have not to the Prieſt explain'd myſelf:
Tho' I came hither as a worſhipper,
Who to the gods for clemency applies,
I come before you with fierce vengeance arm'd,
The widow of the conqueror may forget
Her greatneſs, but the honour of her race
She never can forget or overlook.

STATIRA.

I'm weary both of life and of the throne;
One's taken from me, t'other near an end.
If from an impious raviſher you ſnatch
The only comfort heaven has left my woe:
If you protect her and revenge her ſire,
I'll own you as my tutelary god.
Oh! Sir, whilſt on life's utmoſt verge I ſtand,
Preſerve my daughter from the dangerous crime,
Of marrying him whoſe bloody malice ſtrove
Her hapleſs mother to deprive of life.

ANTIGONES.

Say worthy offspring of the conqueror,
Doſt thou accept the offer which I make?

OLYMPIA.

Caſſander I ſhould hate. ——

ANTIGONES.

—— You then muſt grant
The prize, the noble prize I come to aſk.
Againſt my all I will aſſert your cauſe,
Since I deſerve you be my recompenſe.
'Tis this I aſk, all other prize I ſcorn,
Such worth ſhould never be Caſſander's lot;
Speak: the unequall'd glory I will owe
To this right arm, the queen, and to yourſelf.

STATIRA.

Decide. ——

OLYMPIA.

— My ſcatter'd ſpirits let me firſt
Awhile recover. Scarce my eyes are op'd,
Trembling and terrify'd from ſlavery,
I to this temple's hallow'd cells retir'd,
Sprung from Statira and a demi-god;
A mother in this ſhrine auguſt I find
Diveſted of her name, her rank, her all,
And hardly from a dream of death awak'd.
I as a benefactor wed the man
Whoſe dagger had my mother's boſom gor'd.
While thus diſaſters compaſs me about,

ur arm you offer to avenge my cauſe.
What anſwer can I make? . . . At ſuch a time
[*Embracing her mother.*]
'Tis here that my firſt duties are requir'd.
Judge if the torch of Hymen e'er was made
To yield its light amidſt this gloom of woe;
See in one day how I'm with ills o'erwhelm'd,
And think not I can liſten now to love.

STATIRA.

I'll anſwer for her, heav'n decrees her to you.
Perhaps in former times the majeſty,
Or call it pride, of my imperial throne,
My daughter to a ſubject had deny'd,
But you deſerve her ſince you would defend,
'Twas you that Alexander meant his heir.
He nam'd the worthieſt, you the worthieſt prove.
His throne you have a right to, who ſupport.
May the unceaſing favour of the gods
Second you, may their power to empire raiſe.
Both Alexander and his queen interr'd
He in his tomb, and I within theſe walls,
Will ſee you on our throne without regret:
And may henceforth the fates, grown leſs ſevere,
Oppoſe for you that ſtrange fatality,
Which oft has overwhelm'd that throne in blood.

ANTIGONES.

It ſhall be rais'd by fair Olympia's hand.
To Aſia's people ſhew yourſelf and her.
Quit this aſylum, all things I'll prepare
Your huſband to revenge, and fill his place.

[*Exit Antigones.*]

SCENE VI.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

STATIRA.

By your means, daughter, I the barrier break
That keeps me diſtant from all human kind;
Again I enter this degenerate world
My huſband to revenge, and break thy chains.
New ſtrength the gods will to a mother give,
And ſoon thou ſhalt be ſet at liberty.
Help me to keep my word, by a new oath
Help me to wipe away the former's guilt.

OLYMPIA.

Alas!

STATIRA.

You groan!

OLYMPIA.

Muſt then this fatal day
Twice light up Hymen's inauſpicious torch?

STATIRA.

What doſt thou ſay?

OLYMPIA.

— Permit me, this firſt time,
My thoughts to utter with a trembling voice.
So much I love thee, mother, I would ſhed
The blood which from thee I derive, if ſo
The gods would, by new added years, protract
Thy life, or render it compleatly bleſt.

STATIRA.

Deareſt Olympia!

OLYMPIA.

Shall I tell thoſe gods
I aſk no throne except this calm retreat;
In it you'll ſee me lead my life reſign'd,
And look with ſcorn on crowns forgot by you.
Think'ſt thou my father, in the ſilent tomb,
Deſires his foe ſhould periſh by our hands?
Amidſt the horrors of the fight, let kings
Deſtroy each other, and revenge his death:
But we, the victims of ſo many ills,
Shall we, with feeble hands, aſſiſt their rage?
Shall we a fruitleſs murder undertake?
Tears are our portion, crimes for them were made.

STA

STATIRA.

Our portion tears! For whom thus doſt thou weep?
Is Alexander's daughter by the gods
Reſtor'd me? Heavens i'ſt her whoſe voice I hear!

OLYMPIA.

Mother!

STATIRA.

Ye angry gods!

OLYMPIA.

Caſſander!...

STATIRA.

Explain yourſelf, my ſoul is ſhock'd to hear you.

OLYMPIA.

I cannot ſpeak———

STATIRA.

——— You wound me to the heart.
End this anxiety, I charge thee ſpeak.

OLYMPIA.

Madam, too well I ſee I give you pain,
But whom I love I never will deceive.
Altho' for ever I am reſolv'd to ſhun
My guilty huſband, I muſt love him ſtill.

STATIRA.

Oh words accurſt! oh daughter ſince you love
This cruel huſband, you will never fly him.

Th

Thus Alexander you betray and me!
Ye gods I saw my sire and husband die:
My daughter from me torn, your cruel will
Restores to make me perish by her fault.

OLYMPIA.

Thus prostrate falling———

STATIRA.

——— Daughter ever dear
But cruel and unnatural———

OLYMPIA.

Alas!
Oppress'd with woe I bathe your knees with tears.
Mother forgive me.———

STATIRA.

——— So I will and die.

OLYMPIA.

Be calm and hear me———

STATIRA.

——— What have you to say.

OLYMPIA.

I swear by heaven, by my own name, by you,
By nature, I the punishment will bear
Of my own guilt; this hand to day should shed
My blood e'er I'd consent to be his wife.

You

You know my heart, I've told you that I love;
By this confeſſion and my weakneſs judge
If my heart's yours, if love for you prevails
Over that love which has ſubdu'd my ſenſes.
Conſider not my ſex or tender age,
Courage from my great parents I derive.
I might offend them, I cannot betray,
You'll know Olympia, when you ſee her die.

STATIRA.

Dear, but inhuman daughter can you die,
And yet not hate th' aſſaſſin of your ſire!

OLYMPIA.

Tear out my heart, examine it, you'll find,
Tho' dear my huſband, reign'd not there like you.
The blood which animates it then you'll know;
Your daughter ſacrifice.———

STATIRA.

——— I know your heart.
I pity you my child, and don't condemn.
Your courage and your duty give me hope,
I pity even the love that injures me.
You tear my heart, yet you affect it too.
Conſole your mother whilſt you cauſe her death.
Alas! I am wretched, but you're not to blame.

OLYMPIA.

Which heart, oh heavens! of woe the greatest weight!
Which has most reason to complain of fate!

End of the third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS. [*in the Porch.*]

HERMAS.

YOU warn'd me well; the holy place profan'd,
Will ſoon of ſtriſe and ſlaughter be the ſcene.
Your ſoldiers guard our paſſage near the ſhrine,
Caſſander mad with love, with grief, and rage,
Daring the gods whom he before invok'd,
Advances towards you by another path.
The ſignal's given, but in this enterpriſe
The people doubt whoſe cauſe they ſhould eſpouſe.

ANTIGONES, [*going out.*]

I'll ſoon unite them.

SCENE II.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, CASSANDER, SOSTHENES.

CASSANDER, [*ſtopping Antigones.*]

——— Stay unworthy friend,
Falſe ally, and deteſted enemy,
How durſt thou claim what heaven beſtows on me?

ANTIGONES.

I do, ſhould that in thee excite ſurpriſe?
The conquerer's daughter has ſufficient right
To make the ſons of Aſia riſe in arms,

And

And haughty tyrant's tremble on their thrones.
Her portion's Babylon, but she may claim
The empire's wide extent in right of birth.
I to poſſeſs them both aſpire, and know
Thy tears, thy expiations and thy grief,
The piercing eyes of nations cannot blind.
Think not Olympia's love ſtill prone to doubt,
If thou art guilty of her father's death.
In her opinion you are now condemn'd:
Your heart enſlav'd, and tyrannis'd by love,
Seduc'd Olympia, and you hid her birth.
You thought to bury in oblivion's night,
The fatal ſecret which to me is known:
Her love you owe to baſeneſs and deceit.
But time at length her eyes has op'd, and now
Caſſander his pretenſions muſt forgoe.
What were thy hopes preſumptuous? Didſt thou think
By her right to become the King of Kings? . . .
By arms I may defend Statira's cauſe,
But would you our alliance ſtill preſerve?
In your new kingdom would you reign in peace,
Regain my friendſhip, on my arm depend?

CASSANDER.

Proceed.——

ANTIGONES.

Olympia yield, and we are friends:
For you I'll ſpill my blood, if you refuſe,
I'll henceforth be the greateſt of your foes.
Maturely weigh your intereſts, and chuſe.

CASSANDER.

My choice is eaſy, and I hither came
To make to you an offer that may pleaſe.
You know nor law nor pity, nor remorſe;
Friendſhip to violate to you is ſport.
The gods I fear'd, you heavenly juſtice mock;
The fruit of all your crimes you now enjoy;
You ſhall not long.—

ANTIGONES.

— What mean theſe ſwelling words?

CASSANDER.

If your fierce ſoul of virtue is not void,
Let us not to our ſoldiers have recourſe
Our rage to ſecond, and our anger ſerve.
Our people ſhould not in our quarrels bleed,
They ſhould not in our conteſts be involv'd.
You, if you're bold enough, alone ſhould brave
My courage, and my ſingle arm oppoſe:
I was not to the commerce of the gods
Admitted in their ſight to ſlay my friend;

'Tis

'Tis an unheard-of crime prepar'd by you:
Come, we were born to act this bloody part.
Come on, decide both of my fate and yours,
Pour out your blood, or glut yourself with mine.

ANTIGONES.

With joy the combat I accept; be sure
Olympia weds the man by whom thou'rt slain.

[*They draw.*]

SCENE III.

The Hierophantes comes precipitately from the temple with the priests and the initiated, who, with a multitude of the populace, part Cassander and Antigones, and disarm them.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Hold your audacious hands, you men prophane!
Respect our god, respect his sacred rites!
Haste, priests and people, part these barbarous men:
Banish fierce discord from this sacred shrine.
Your crimes atone—swords quickly disappear—
Ye gods grant pardon—monarchs heaven obey.

CASSANDER.

To you and heaven I yield. ——

ANTIGONES.

—— I still persist,
I call to witness Alexander's shade,

I call

I call to witneſs the avenging gods,
That whilſt I live Olympia my belov'd,
Ne'er ſhall be folded in my rival's arms,
The impious match on Epheſus would bring
Shame, and make Aſia's ſons with horror ſhrink.

CASSANDER.

It would, no doubt, had it been made by you.

The HIEROPHANTES.

With ſpirit calmer, and with heart leſs fierce,
Yield to the law obedience and reſpect.
All men it binds, by all ſhould be fulfill'd.
The poor man's hut, the haughty monarch's throne,
Alike ſubjected hear the voice of law;
The weak ſhe aids, tranſgreſſors ſhe reſtrains,
And her power ſets the blameleſs victim free.
Whene'er a huſband of whatever rank
Has chanc'd the parents of his wife to ſlay,
Tho' he be by our myſteries purify'd,
By Veſta's fire, and by her healthful ſtream,
And by repentance more eſſential ſtill,
His wife that day may new engagements form,
She may without offence except ſhe chuſe
To imitate the gods and pardon him.
As ſtill Statira lives, you well may think
That ſhe will of her daughter's fate diſpoſe.

A mo-

A mother's woes, a mother's rights respect,
The law of nations, and the [illegible]
Which nature gives, and nothing can efface:
Her voice august Olympia must obey.
All your attempts are vain since you must wait,
The widow's and her daughter's final will.

[*Exit with his followers.*]

ANTIGONES.

I to these terms subscribe, she's surely mine.

[*Exit Antigones with Hermes.*]

SCENE IV.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, [*in the porch.*]

CASSANDER.

You shall not find her treacherous, cruel man.
Let us remove her from this fatal shrine,
And disappoint this daring villain's hopes,
He laughs at my remorse, insults my grief,
And would with calm serenity and joy
Conceal'd, destroy my peace and tear my heart.

SOSTHENES.

Statira he seduces, Sir, the deed
He justifies by laws he violates,
And by the gods his impious soul contemns.

CAS

CASSANDER.

Let's take her from the gods whom I have ſerv'd,
Thoſe cruel gods by whom I am betray'd.
I'd gladly die, the thund'rer's ſtroke I'd bleſs;
But that my wife ſhould in this fatal day
Paſs from Caſſander's to his rival's hand:
E'er that I bear, this temple ſhall be laid
In aſhes, oh ye Gods, you pardon'd me!
My ſoul grown calm with bleſt tranquillity,
Gave itſelf up to that deluſive hope;
Ye gods you ſnatch Olympia from my arms,
Thus do you pardon expiated crimes?

SOSTHENES.

You have not loſt the fair; her tender heart
To you obedient and devoted ſtill
Cannot ſo ſoon the man ſhe lov'd forget:
Changes ſo quick are to the heart unknown.
By loving you ſhe breaks not nature's law;
The wounds which you in fight at random dealt
Have, I will grant you, ſhed moſt precious blood!
The gods permitted that calamity.
You are not guilty of her father's death.
Your tears have for her mother's blood aton'd;
Her woes are paſt, your favours preſent ſtill.

CAS-

CASSANDER.

The anguish of my soul you soon shall end:
Statira's blood and Alexander's ghost
Cry from the ground and fill my soul with dread.
She is their daughter, and may justly hate
Her hapless husband with relentless rage;
Olympia hates me, she whom I prefer
To Cyrus' throne, to all the thrones on earth.
Those expiations, secret mysteries
By Kings neglected, sought with care by me,
She was their object, and my guilty soul
Approach'd the gods her presence to enjoy.

SOSTHENES, *(seeing Olympia.)*

Alas! behold her to her griefs a prey,
She clasps the altar, bathes it with her tears.

CASSANDER.

'Tis time to take her from this shrine by force;
Go, lose no time, but every thing prepare.

(Exit Sosthenes.)

CASSANDER, OLYMPIA, *(reclin'd upon the altar without seeing Cassander.)*

OLYMPIA.

How my heart rises in my throbbing breast!
How in despair 'tis plung'd! how self-condemn'd!
(seeing Cassander.)
What do I see?——

CAS-

CASSANDER.

Your husband plung'd in woe.

OLYMPIA.

Cassander, to that name no more pretend,
That you should be my husband's not in fate.

CASSANDER.

I own myself unworthy of such bliss.
I know the crimes which cruel destiny
For both our ruin made my hand commit.
Thinking to expiate I've their measure fill'd.
My presence hurts you and my love insults.
Howe'er vouchsafe to answer; has my aid
From war and from destruction sav'd your youth?

OLYMPIA.

Why did you save it?——

CASSANDER.

Even in infancy
Was not your innocence by me rever'd?
Did I not idolize you?——

OLYMPIA.

That's my grief.

CASSANDER.

After acknowledging the purest flame,
Free in your choice and mistress of yourself,
Did you not in the presence of the gods
Before this shrine receive my solemn vows?

OLYMPIA.

It is too true, may pitying Heaven divert
The punishment I have thereby incurr'd.

CASSANDER.

I had your heart, Olympia—

OLYMPIA.

Do not add
To my distress by such a keen reproach.
My youth 'twas easy for you to seduce;
My ignorance and weakness you deceiv'd:
Your guilt's by this increas'd, my heart, to hear
Your conversation is in me a crime.

CASSANDER.

Beware how you a greater crime commit,
In listening to a treacherous villain's vows.
If for Antigones——

OLYMPIA.

Cease, wretched man,
My soul rejects his vows as well as yours.
Since I was once deluded and this hand
Was join'd to thine stain'd with my parents blood,
No mortal to my heart shall e'er lay claim:
Marriage, the world and life alike I hate.
Since now my soul is mistress of her choice,
I without hesitation chuse these tombs
Which hide my mother for my last retreat;

ıfylum chuſe whoſe God alone
:art by thee deceiv'd ſhall now poſſeſs.
altars I embrace, all thrones deteſt,
ſia's thrones, but far above the reſt
which by proud Antigones is fill'd.
e no more, go, let me weep alone
promis'd love which now I muſt abhor.

CASSANDER.

hen your heart my rival's love rejects,
:an't deprive me of a ray of hope;
when your virtue a new huſband ſhuns,
k a favour is conferr'd on me.
' I with your parents blood am ſtain'd,
ɔul, my being muſt depend on you;
ever dear whoſe virtues turn'd aſide
thunders aim'd at my devoted head,
ɔ'er my ſoul maintain'd a ſovereign ſway
ſhould your mother's rigour have diſarm'd.

OLYMPIA.

y mother! can your tongue pronounce her name
if repentance, pity or ſoft love
: any influence upon your heart,
from the places ſhe inhabits, fly
altars I embrace.-----

CASSANDER.

No, without you
I cannot go, you muſt my ſteps attend,
(He takes her by the hand.)
Come, deareſt wife.——

OLYMPIA, *(pulling back her hand.)*

Then like my mother treat me,
This boſom to its duty faithful pierce:
A ſurer dagger plunge in this falſe heart,
To ſhed my blood that cruel hand was arm'd.
Strike here.——

CASSANDER.

Your vengeance carries you too far.
My cruelty and violence were leſs.
Heaven pardons man, you how to puniſh know:
But your ingratitude exceeds all bounds
When thus a benefactor feels your hate.

OLYMPIA.

Have you not by your deeds incurr'd my hate?
Caſſander, had thy fierce, thy bloody hand,
Which with the murderous ſteel my mother gor'd,
Stabb'd me alone and ſhed no other blood,
I could have pardon'd thee and lov'd thee ſtill.
Fly, cruel man, fate wills that we ſhould part.

CAS-

CASSANDER.

No, deſtiny itſelf can't ſeparate
Our fates, did you Caſſander more deteſt;
Had you even married me to pierce my heart,
You muſt my ſteps attend; 'tis fate's decree.
Let me ſtill love you as a puniſhment:
I ſwear by you it never will have end:
Puniſh, deteſt your huſband, don't forſake.

SCENE VI.

CASSANDER, OLYMPIA, SOSTHENES.

SOSTHENES.

Appear, or ſoon Antigones prevails:
The gate he blocks, your warriors he harangues,
Your friends aſſembled near the ſacred ſhrine
He ſtrives to gain, and their fidelity
Seems to be ſhaken by his daring words:
He on Olympia calls, and on her fire;
Tremble both for your love and for your life;
Come.———

CASSANDER.

Is it thus you ſacrifice me then
To a deteſted rival. I in queſt
Of death will go, ſince you my death deſire.

OLYMPIA.

Alas! Olympia cannot wish thy death.
Live distant from her.——

CASSANDER.

Without thee the light
Of Heaven is odious to my eyes, and life
An object full of horror; if I 'scape
Death's rage, I to this temple will return
And force thee hence, or with the vital drops
That warm my heart the sacred pavement stain.

[*Exit with Softness.*]

SCENE VII.

OLYMPIA, *(alone.)*

Ah, wretch! 'tis he that causes my alarms!
Wherefore, Cassander, should I weep for you?
Is it so hard our duty to perform?
The blood from whence I sprung shall o'er my mind
Rule with despotic sway. By nature's voice
I'll be directed, by her pow'r I swear
To sacrifice my sentiments to you.
Far different oaths I at this altar made,
God's you receiv'd them, and your clemency
Approv'd the passion which inspir'd my soul.
My state your pow'r has chang'd, then change my heart,

Give

Give me a virtue ſuited to my woe.
Pity a ſoul by ruthleſs paſſion torn,
Which muſt its nature or its faith forego;
Whilſt yet obſcure, I liv'd in perfect bliſs,
The world forgetting in captivity;
Both to my parents and myſelf unknown.
Ruin to my illuſtrious name I owe,
At leaſt I'll ſtrive to merit it. Caſſander
I muſt forſake, muſt fly thee; can I hate?
How little power has woman o'er her heart!
Weeping, I tear the wound that rankles there,
And whilſt my hand, with trembling, ſeeks the dart,
I plunge it deeper, make the wound more wide.

SCENE VIII.

OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, Attendants.

OLYMPIA.

Pontif, where go you? Oh! protect the weak:
You tremble, and your eyes with tears o'erflow.

The HIEROPHANTES.

I grieve, unhappy Princeſs! at your lot.

OLYMPIA.

Since I am forlorn, afford me then thy aid.

The HIEROPHANTES.

With reſignation to their heavenly will

Expect protection from the gods alone.

OLYMPIA.

Alas! what words are theſe! ——

The HIEROPHANTES.

—O daughter dear!

The widow of great Alexander. ——

OLYMPIA.

—— Gods!

Has aught befaln my mother? quickly ſpeak.

The HIEROPHANTES.

All's loſt, both kings rous'd up to furious rage,
Trampling on law, and arm'd againſt the gods,
Within this temple's conſecrated porch,
Their troops ſpurr'd on to murder and to rage.
Blood flow'd on every ſide, with ſword in hand,
To you Caſſander cut himſelf a path.
I march'd againſt him having no defence,
But laws neglected and offended gods,
Your mother in deſpair his fury met,
She thought him maſter of the ſhrine and you.
Tir'd of ſuch horrors, tir'd of ſuch black deeds,
She ſeiz'd the knife with which we victims ſlay,
And plung'd it in thoſe loins wherein you found
The ſource of life and of calamity.

OLYM-

OLYMPIA.

I die, ſupport me, is ſhe yet alive?

The HIEROPHANTES.

Caſſander's with her, he laments her fate,
And even preſumes to offer her relief,
To ſecond thoſe whoſe virtuous hands aſſiſt her.
He raves, himſelf he blames, throws down his arms,
Her feet embraces, bathes them with his tears.
Hearing his cries, her dying eyes ſhe opes,
And looks upon him as a monſter fierce
Come to deprive her of life's poor remains,
By the ſame hand which ſhe had eſcap'd before,
She makes an effort weak to raiſe herſelf,
Then falls again and gaſps for her laſt breath;
Caſſander and the light ſhe hates alike,
Then opening with regret her half-clos'd eyes,
Go, ſays ſhe to me, hapleſs miniſter
Of a ſad ſhrine profan'd with human gore,
Conſole Olympia, ſhe her mother loves,
Tell her it is my pleaſure that ſhe wed
Antigones, he will revenge my death.

OLYMPIA.

I'll go and near her die; now hear me gods,
Accompany my ſteps and cloſe my eyes.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Intrepid courage to your ills oppose.

OLYMPIA.

Perhaps I soon may shew to proud mankind,
That courage may inspire the female mind.

End of the fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, [*in the porch.*]

HERMAS.

VENGEANCE is vain, compaſſion now ſhould ſpeak,
A hapleſs rival is not worth your hate.
Fly from this dire abode; Olympia, ſir,
Is loſt both to Caſſander and yourſelf.

ANTIGONES.

Is then Statira dead?——

HERMAS.

—— Caſſander's fate
Has made him fatal to the conqueror's race.
Statira ſinking with a load of woe,
Expires with horror in her daughter's arms.
Tender Olympia ſtretch'd upon the corpſe,
Seems ſcarcely to retain the breath of life.
The prieſts and prieſteſſes diſſolv'd in tears,
Increaſe their griefs by mixing them with hers.
With cries and groans the temple's vaults reſound,

A funeral pile's prepar'd, and all the pomp
With which man's vanity adorns the dead.
'Tis ſaid Olympia in this ſolitude
Will dwell where once her mother liv'd retir'd;
And that renouncing marriage and the world,
She'll dedicate to heaven her future life,
And that ſhe'll in eternal ſilence weep
Her family, her mother, and her birth.

ANTIGONES.

No, no, her duty's law ſhe muſt obey,
My right to her admits of no diſpute.
Statira gives her to me, and her will
When at the point of death's a law divine.
Frantic Caſſander and his fatal love
Statira's daughter muſt with horror fill.

HERMAS.

Sir, can you think it?

ANTIGONES.

She herſelf declares
That her ſad heart diſclaims this barbarous man.
Should he perſiſt in his audacious love,
He ſhall with life for his preſumption pay.

HERMAS.

Would you mix blood with tears, and with the flames
Of the ſad pile where burns the royal corpſe?

Your

Your awe-ſtruck ſoldiers will with horror ſtart
From ſuch an object, they'll not follow you.

ANTIGONES.

No, I will not diſturb the funeral rites;
This I have ſworn; Caſſander will revere them,
Awhile Olmypia ſhall my rage ſuſpend,
But when the funeral's o'er I'll give it ſcope.

[*The temple opens.*]

SCENE II.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, the HIEROPHANTES, the Prieſts, [*advancing ſlowly*] OLYMPIA [*in mourning, and ſupported by the Prieſteſſes.*]

HERMAS.

Olympia ſcarce alive, is this way led.
I ſee the pontiff of the ſacred ſhrine,
Who following bathes her tracks with floods of tears.
The Prieſteſſes ſupport her in their arms.

ANTIGONES.

I own theſe objects in the hardeſt heart
Would raiſe emotion. Madam, give me leave [*To Olym.*]
To mix with yours my ſorrows, and to ſwear
That I'll revenge the wrongs you have ſuſtain'd.
The wretch by whom you twice a mother loſt,
A hope preſumptuous madly entertains,

But

But know his puniſhment is not far off.
To your afflictions add not trembling fear:
But all his raſh attempts defy ſecure.

OLYMPIA.

Ah! ſpeak not now of vengeance and of blood,
Statira's dead, I'm dead to human kind.

ANTIGONES.

Her loſs I mourn, and I pity you,
Her ſacred will I juſtly might alledge,
Dear to my hopes, and by yourſelf rever'd;
But I know what is in this juncture due,
Both to her ſhade, her daughter, and your grief.
Madam, conſult yourſelf, her will obey.

[*Exit with Hermas.*]

SCENE III.

OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, Prieſts, Prieſteſſes.

OLYMPIA.

You who alone compaſſionate my woes,
Prieſt of a God of mildneſs and of peace,
Can't I for ever dedicate my woe
To this ſad ſhrine bath'd with my mother's tears?
Sure, ſir, you cannot have ſo hard a heart
To ſhut this place of refuge from my grief?

'Tis

'Tis all that's claim'd by one of royal race,
Do not refuſe this poor inheritance.

The HIEROPHANTES.

I mourn your fate, but how can I aſſiſt you?
Your mother dying has your huſband nam'd.
You yourſelf heard her her laſt will declare,
Whilſt with our hands we clos'd her dying eyes,
And if you will not her commands obey,
Caſſander ſtill may claim you as his right.

OLYMPIA.

'Tis true, I to my dying mother ſwore
Ne'er to receive Caſſander's bloody hand,
My oath I'll keep.———

The HIEROPHANTES.

——— You freedom ſtill enjoy,
The gods alone can of your hand diſpoſe.
Things ſoon will change; you now, Olympia, may
Determine and diſpoſe your future life.
Indeed it fit's not that the ſelf ſame day
Should light the funeral pile and hymen's torch.
Such marriage would be ſhocking, but a word
Suffices, and that word I want to hear.
In this extremity your heart ſhould know
What to your royal race is juſtly due.

OLYM-

OLYMPIA.

Sir, I have told you any nuptial tye
Is hateful to my heart, and ſhould to your's.
A mother's injur'd ſhade I'll not betray:
A huſband I forſake, that ſhould ſuffice.
Both from the throne and marriage let me fly.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Antigones or elſe Caſſander chuſe.
Thoſe arm'd rivals, jealous as they're proud,
Are forc'd by your deciſion to abide.
You with a word confuſion may prevent,
And ſlaughter which would quickly rage again;
Were not men fill'd with reverence and reſpect
By all that funeral pomp, that pile, thoſe altars,
Thoſe duties, and thoſe honours which awhile
To ſerious contemplation ſouls diſpoſe.
Piety laſts not long amongſt the great;
Their rage I hardly could a while ſuſpend;
To-morrow blood will Epheſus o'erflow.
Princeſs decide, and all will be appeas'd:
The people ever to the law adheres,
When you have ſpoken they'll ſupport your choice;
If not, with ſword in hand within this ſhrine
Caſſander will your plighted faith require;

What he poſſeſs'd he has a right to claim,
Tho' with juſt horror he inſpires your ſoul.

OLYMPIA.

Enough, your apprehenſions I conceive,
My ſoul ſhall never to complaint give way:
To fate I yield, you all its rigour know....
My choice already in my heart is made:
I have reſolv'd.—

The HIEROPHANTES.

—Then ſhall Antigones
Be happy, and your plighted faith receive?

OLYMPIA.

Howe'er that be, this juncture, Sir, ill ſuits
With ſuch engagements; you yourſelf muſt own
The fatal day on which a mother dy'd,
Should quite engroſs a daughter's every thought....
Muſt you not bear her to the funeral pile?

The HIEROPHANTES.

'Tis ours that mournful duty to perform:
All that remains of her an urn ſhall hold;
Her aſhes to depoſit be your care.

OLYMPIA.

Alas! her guilty daughter caus'd her death,
Something that daughter owes her injur'd ſhade.

The

The HIEROPHANTES.

All things I'll now prepare.——

OLYMPIA.

— Say, do your laws
Permit me to behold her on the pile?
May I approach the funeral pomp, and shed
Tears on her body while the flames ascend?

The HIEROPHANTES.

It is your duty, we partake your grief.
You've nought to dread, those arm'd rivals now
Will not presume your sorrows to disturb.
Present perfumes, your veils and locks of hair;
And a libation, offering sad, but pure.

[*The priestesses lay these offerings upon the altar.*]

OLYMPIA, [*to the Hierophantes.*]

This is the only favour I require.

[*to the inferior priestesses.*]

You who attended her in this abode
Of death, and shar'd the horrors of her fate,
Return and give me notice when the fire
Is ready to consume those lov'd remains:
Since 'tis permitted, let my last farewell
Her manes satisfy.——

PRIESTESS.

I shall obey. [*Exit.*]

OLYM-

OLYMPIA, [*to the Hierophantes.*]

Go holy prieſt, the ſacred pile erect,
Prepare the wreaths of cyprus and the urn:
Bid the two rivals to the pile repair,
I in their preſence will explain myſelf
Before my mother's corpſe, and in the ſight
Of holy prieſteſſes, who to my woes
And to my promiſes can witneſs bear,
My ſentiments, my choice ſhall be declar'd;
You muſt approve them, tho' perhaps you'll grieve.

The HIEROPHANTES.

You ſtill are miſtreſs of your deſtiny:
This day expir'd, your freedom will be o'er.

[*Exit with the prieſts.*]

SCENE IV.

OLYMPIA, [*at the front of the ſtage, the prieſteſſes in a ſemi-circle at the bottom.*]

OLYMPIA.

Oh thou who to my ſhame doſt ſtill enſlave
My heart, which has deliberately made choice;
Who o'er Statira dead doſt triumph ſtill,
O'er Alexander and their hapleſs race!
O'er earth and heaven againſt thee both conſpir'd.
Reign, hapleſs lover, o'er my tortur'd ſenſe:

If

If you ſtill love me, which I ſcarce can wiſh,
Your fatal victory will coſt you dear.

SCENE V.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, the Prieſteſs.

CASSANDER.

Your wiſhes to fulfil, I hither come;
This fatal pile ſhall with my blood be ſtain'd.
Accept my death; the only hope I've left
Is that your pity not your vengeance aſks it.

OLYMPIA.

Caſſander!

CASSANDER.

Deareſt wife!

OLYMPIA.

Ah cruel man!

CASSANDER.

No pardon for this criminal remains,
The hapleſs ſlave of cruel deſtiny;
To be a parricide was ſtill my fate:
Still I am thy huſband: Spite of all my crimes,
My ſoul Olympia idolizes ſtill.
Altho' you hate me, Hymen's rites reſpect:
You have no tye on earth except to me:
'Tis death alone can ſeparate our fates;

I mu

ſt, in dying, ſee you and adore.

[*He throws himſelf at her feet.*]

ak vengeance on my guilty head, my crimes
ely puniſh, but forſake me not.
en's more ſacred are than nature's tyes.

OLYMPIA.

ſe, riſe, the funeral rites prophane no more,
ıore prophane the aſhes of the dead.
lſt on the dreadful pile the flames conſume
nother's body, don't pollute the gifts
ch here I at the funeral pile preſent:
ot approach, but at a diſtance hear me.

SCENE VI.

'MPIA, CASSANDER, ANTIGONES, and the Prieſteſſes.

ANTIGONES.

our virtue cannot ſtill decline a choice:
will Statira at her death explain'd:
; day of terror fill'd my ſoul with awe,
I the dead reſpected; elſe this arm,
; vengeful arm had plung'd the ſhrine in blood;
, in obedience to your orders, now
ne as to my rival's judge and mine:
n apprehenſions free pronounce our doom.

I hope

I hope you will a juſt diſtinction make,
Between the man by whom your mother bled,
And him who ſtrove her murder to revenge.
Nature has ſacred rites; Statira, plac'd
By Alexander, looks on you from heaven.
Within this darkſome ſhrine you'll bury'd now,
But heaven and earth attentive mark your deeds:
Between us two Olympia muſt decide.

OLYMPIA.

I ſhall, but you muſt treat me with reſpect.
You ſee theſe preparations and theſe gifts,
Which to the infernal gods I muſt preſent;
And you, like furious rivals, chuſe this time,
Midſt tombs, to talk of marriage and of love!
You ſoldiers of the potent king my ſire,
Who, by his death, are kings become yourſelves,
If I am dear to you, I charge you ſwear
You'll not oppoſe my duties or my choice.

CASSANDER.

I ſwear it ſolemnly, and you ſhall find
That I reſpect you as I ſcorn that traitor.

ANTIGONES.

I ſwear it too, for ſure I am, your heart
Muſt from my barbarous rival ſhock'd recoil.
Declare yourſelf.——

OLYMPIA.

Think then what e'er befalls
hat Alexander's preſent, that he hears us.

ANTIGONES.

Decide before him.——

CASSANDER.

——— I your pleaſure wait.

OLYMPIA.

Then know the heart which thus you perſecute,
nd judge what reſolution I ſhould take.
Vhatever choice I make, muſt fatal prove;
he grief that racks my ſoul too well you know,
now likewiſe that I have deſerv'd it all.
Iy parents I betray'd, who might have known
caus'd the death of her who gave me birth,
found a mother in this dire abode;
quickly loſt her, in theſe arms ſhe died.
o her ſad daughter, dying thus ſhe ſpoke,
Iarry Antigones, I die content.
hen ſhe was ſeiz'd with agonies, and I
ler death to haſten, her deſire oppos'd.

ANTIGONES.

Thus do you brave me and inſult my love,
Your mother injure, nature's laws betray.

OLYM-

OLYMPIA.

Her shade I injure not, nor injure you;
I justice do to all and to myself. . . .
Cassander first to you my faith I gave:
Think you the gods our union could approve?
Decide this point yourself: you know your crime;
I will not now reproach you with your guilt.
Repair it when you can. — — —

CASSANDER.

——— I can't appease you!
I can't assuage the horror I inspire,
My heart you soon shall know: your promise keep!
[*The temple opens, and the pile is seen in flames.*

SCENE the Last.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, ANTIGONES, the HIEROPHANTES, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES.

The inferior PRIESTESS.

Princess 'tis time. ———

OLYMPIA, [*to Cassander.*]

Behold yon flaming pile.
Now mourn, Cassander, your unhappy fate.
Those royal ashes and that pile remark;
Remember Alexander and my chains!
Behold his widow! Tell me how to act.

CAS-

CASSANDER.

Exterminate me.—

OLYMPIA.

——— You pronounce your doom. . . .
› mine bear witneſs *. Oh thou ſacred ſhade,
ade of my mother! I this duty pay
› thee, who juſtly may be ſtill incens'd;
rhaps theſe gifts your manes may appeaſe,
hey may prove worthy of my ſire and you.

[*To Caſſander.*]

hou huſband of Olympia, who by fate
'ert never intended for her; who preſerv'd
y life, by whom I both my parents loſt;
hou who ſo lov'd me, and for whom my ſoul
lt all the weakneſs of a tender love;
hou think'ſt my guilty paſſion from my breaſt
baniſh'd; know that I adore thee ſtill,
nd will upon myſelf that guilt revenge.
h ever-honour'd aſhes of Statira,
he body of Olympia now receive!

[*She ſtabs herſelf, and throws herſelf into the pile.*]

* She mounts the ſteps before the altar, which is near the funeral pile. The prieſteſſes preſent her the offerings.

All

All present cry out †.

Oh heavens!

CASSANDER, [running to the side.]

Olympia!

PRIESTS.

Heavens!

ANTIGONES. [running also to the side.]

Oh frenzy strange!

CASSANDER.

She's now no more, our efforts all are vain.

[Returning to the front.]

Gods are you satisfy'd? My hands accurs'd,
A royal pair have of their lives depriv'd.
Still dost thou envy me, Antigones?
Can'st thou, unmov'd, this shocking death behold,
And think'st thou still Cassander's fate is bless'd?
If my felicity provokes thy rage,
Share it, this dagger take and do like me.

[Stabs himself.]

The HIEROPHANTES.

Oh holy shrine! Just, but vindictive gods,
In courts profane were e'er such horrors seen!

† The hierophantes, the priests and the priestesses, all shew their astonishments and consternation.

ANTI-

ANTIGONES.

Thus Alexander and his family,
Succeſſors, aſſaſſins, are all deſtroy'd!
Gods! ſince the world muſt ever feel your rage,
Why into being did you mortals call?
What were Statira's or Olympia's crimes?
To what am I reſerv'd in future times!

ANTIGONUS.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE to Madam De ***, upon the Manner of Living at Paris and Versailles.

ROSALIA, to the world unknown,
Let us live for ourſelves alone.
Friendſhip and blood's endearing tye,
Shall all ſociety ſupply;
So fooliſh, dangerous, vain's mankind,
We in the world no joy can find,
In that whirlpool they call the world
Man's thro' ſo many errors hurl'd,
That it can coxcombs pleaſe alone,
By whom it ne'er was rightly known.
Glycery when her dinner's o'er,
Goes out juſt as the day before;
Into her gorgeous chariot led,
She indolent reclines her head,
Embarraſs'd by the 'cumbrous pride
Of a vaſt hoop that fills each ſide;
Viſits her friend in pomp and ſtate,
Aſcends, and then repents too late,

Embracing yawns, and plain is ſeen
In her conſtrain'd behaviour ſpleen;
She ſeems to beg for nonſenſe gay,
To make her langour paſs away.
They interchange ſome faint careſſes,
They talk of weather, plays, and dreſſes,
Of ſermons, and of ribbons price,
And are exhauſted in a trice.
Now thro' neceſſity grown dumb,
A tune they both begin to hum;
But Mr. Abbe enter'd ſoon,
Prieſt, gallant, ſharper, and buffoon,
Endow'd with various talents rare,
Who for ſome months was maſter there,
A formal coxcomb enter'd too,
Pleas'd in the glaſs himſelf to view,
Both pedants pleaſe, their jargon ſuits;
A captain enters; both are mutes;
The captain to recite proceeds
The great exploits and hardy deeds
Which his brave men would have perform'd,
How they Placentia would have ſtorm'd,
And then atchiev'd ſome wond'rous feat,
Had they not choſe to make retreat.

To

To Nice, to Var, to Digne he leads,
Not a ſoul liſtens, he proceeds.
Then *Iſis* enters with ſad air,
Her time is wholly ſpent in prayer,
Yet *Iſis'* leer is very ſly,
A little Janſeniſt ſtands by,
St. Auſtin's works and ſaintly pride,
Both equally his heart divide.
Other birds too of different feather
And different taſtes tune up together,
Whence various notes ſo much confound
That ſlander's voice is almoſt drown'd.
Their jarring clack's like winds that rend
The air, and with fierce winds contend.
A chaſm of ſilence moſt profound
Succeeds to all this empty ſound:
All rational converſe they ſhun
And into idle nonſenſe run.
Oh *David** to their ſuccour haſte,
Nor ſuffer them their time to waſte.
Oh *David* thy moſt powerful ace
Engages all the human race;

* Cards were at that time ſold at the ſign of King David.

Soon as upon the table green
Thy various, magic cards are ſeen,
The noble, prelate, lawyer, cit,
Are rouz'd and ſharpen'd into wit,
Above all, women take delight
In black and red ſpots on the white,
All are amus'd by hopes of treaſure,
Avarice aſſumes the ſhape of pleaſure
From theſe exploits the wife and fair
To ſupper by conſent repair;
Th' inſipid joy of ev'ry gueſt
In dulleſt ſallies is expreſt,
The machine man by wholſeome food
And richeſt ſauces is renew'd.
The ſoul and blood new force acquire,
The ſtomach and the brain conſpire.
Then their clacks run at a ſtrange rate,
The ſon of law begins to prate,
All parties he alike aſſails,
He damns the war, at peace he rails.
A country noble quaffs champaigne,
But muſt of miſery complain,
Of miſery by his country felt,
At which even hearts of ſtone might melt,

And

And tho' in luxury immers'd
By taxes, ſays, the land's oppreſt.
Then the loquacious abbe tries
For hiſtories true to paſs off lies;
His tale cut ſhort muſt ſoon give way
To arrant chit-chat of the day;
This, in its turn, is put to flight,
By converſation not more bright.
The jeſt inſipid, double meaning
T' obſcenity and nonſenſe leaning,
The fooliſh laugh, the ſtupid pun,
Stale pleaſantries which paſs for fun,
Give this ſociety polite,
The higheſt rapture and delight.
Is't thus you waſte, oh men unwiſe,
That fleeting time which quickly flies?
Which ſtill to fools will tedious ſeem,
Which men who think too tranſient deem.
What ſhall I do? Whereto ſhall I
Far from myſelf for refuge fly?
Man company requires no doubt,
He's reſtleſs with it, worſe without;
Indolent ſloth's the greateſt foe
That mortals ever knew below,

Tir'd of tranquillity at home
To court diſguſted creatures roam,
At Paris babble loud prevails,
But artful ſilence at Verſailles,
For real joy can ne'er reſide
With men whoſe principle is pride.
Happy that man muſt be confeſs'd,
Who's with his maſter's preſence bleſt.
O'er the empyreum Jove preſides,
But from mankind his glory hides:
Heroes and demi-gods alone
Dare to approach the heavenly throne,
Muſt we amidſt the crowds that preſs
Inferior deities addreſs?
Gods who can good or ill beſtow,
But ne'er love thoſe by fate plac'd low,
Who on the top of fortune's wheel,
By joys intoxicated reel,
Who amidſt all their pomp and ſhew,
No tenderneſs or feeling know?
Riſe early, at their levee wait,
And dance attendance at their gate,
Three years neglected or abus'd,
At laſt you're civilly refus'd.

No; haughty courts, the ſage replies,
Suit not great ſouls that courts deſpiſe.
From treacherous courtiers haſte away
And pleaſures which like them betray.
Make public good your only care,
And you ſhall public honours ſhare.
The public, what that monſter dire,
Whoſe hundred tongues can never tire,
That fawns and bites, that courts neglects,
That breaks the ſtatues it erects?
Still ready thoſe who ſerve to ſpurn
It once profan'd great *Colbert's* urn,
That oft has vile reflexions caſt
Virtue and innocence to blaſt.
To envy merit ſtill inclin'd
Faults it could in Armida find,
And has with greater pleaſure ſeen
Vile plays than thoſe of fam'd Racine.
It Athaliah long deſpis'd
And wretched, ill wrote dramas priz'd.
Applauſe it fooliſhly beſtows,
And undeſerv'd indulgence ſhews.
But all its errors time repairs
At length applauſe true merit ſhares;

'Tis

'Tis true, but oft the owner dies,
Ere to his worth men ope their eyes.
Poſterity may to my name
Be juſt; I'd fain enjoy my fame.
When once a man is in the ground,
He hears not fame's loud trumpet ſound.
A nation to his merit juſt,
Reveres Pope's like a monarch's buſt,
Dead he's admir'd, but from his age
He bore fierce perſecution's rage.
Let's lie conceal'd, and paſs away.
Calmly the evening of our day,
From malice and from envy's rage
Let us preſerve declining age.
Friendſhip chief bliſs of human race,
My dwelling with thy preſence grace,
May I for friendſhip live alone,
Friendſhip to wicked men unknown.
Diſtant from bigotry, whence flow
Terrors in death, life's piercing woe.

EPISTLE to the Prince of VENDOME *.

COURTIN, one of his faithful friends,
Health to the brave Prince Vendome ſends,
The meaneſt of the ſons of rhyme
His homage pays at the ſame time;
From Sully whither he was ſent
By ſome ſpright on his good intent.

You ſee, Sir, that the deſire of ſerving you has united two men very very different from each other.

One fat, and fair, and in good caſe,
Looks pamper'd and replete with grace,
And ſeems ſo ſanctify'd his air,
Predeſtin'd to an eaſy chair.
On his unwrinkl'd face ſtill glows
The healthful colour of the roſe,
Which makes the Abbe ſtill appear
Youthful as in his twentieth year.

* This Prince was brother to the Duke of Vendome; he was great Prior of France. The Abbe *Courtin*, who was one of his friends, was ſon to a Privy Counſelior, and a man of learning. His character was ſuch as it is here repreſented. This Epiſtle was wrote in 1716.

The bard by meagre viſage known,
Is nothing elſe but ſkin and bone,
To occupy much ſpace not made,
Nor quite ill-natur'd as portray'd.

Our firſt intention was to ſend your Highneſs a regular compoſition, half verſe, half proſe, as was cuſtomary with the *Chapelles*, the *Des Barreaux*, and the *Hamiltons*, who were the Abbe's contemporaries and our maſters. I ſhould have added, *Voitures*, if I was not afraid of offending the Abbe, who pretends, I don't know for what reaſon, that he is not old enough to have ſeen him.

As there are many bold things to be ſaid concerning the times, the wiſeſt of us two, I don't mean myſelf, did not chuſe to ſpeak of them without enjoining profound ſecrecy.

The God myſterious he addreſs'd
Whoſe power by Normans is confeſs'd;
That cautious God with artful leer,
Who whiſpers fearing men might hear.
He much too often knaves befriends,
But ſti'l to wiſe men ſuccour lends.
He does at court and church preſide,
And once was even Cupid's guide.

This

This god happened unluckily not to be at Sully; he was then, as we were told, engaged by —— and Madam de ——, or elſe we ſhould have finiſhed our work under his inſpection.

We then had labour'd to diſplay
Your ſprightly wit, your leiſure gay;
Had ſhewn you amiable in chace
Of pleaſure, dauntleſs in diſgrace.
We had that period bleſt related,
Which to love's joys was dedicated;
Love's raptures in harmonious verſe
We ſhould have labour'd to rehearſe;
All Paphos' rites we had explor'd,
Paphos where Venus was ador'd;
Amours in the Florentine taſte
Had our deſcription likewiſe grac'd;
But in ſo artful a diſguiſe
As might deceive e'en bigot's eyes.
We had not fail'd to introduce
Bacchus flush'd with the grape's rich juice,
The world had ſeen with what delight
You in his orgies paſs'd the night.
Imagination by his ſide
Should have her utmoſt care apply'd,

T'embelliſh with her gayeſt flowers
The pleaſure of your bliſsful hours.
Ye midnight revels, feaſts where joy
Yields pleaſures which can never cloy;
From you gay ſonnets firſt took riſe,
Which the young loves ſo highly prize;
How much thoſe brilliant trifles pleaſe!
They raviſh with harmonious eaſe,
By ſuch fam'd Horace was the ſoul.
Of feaſts when flow'd the ſparkling bowl,
When with the witty and the great,
He next Auguſtus took his ſeat.

We have here given you a weak ſketch of the picture we intended to draw.

But who'd ſucceed ſhould be inſpir'd;
We to ſuch glory ne'er aſpir'd,
That honour we ſhall ne'er diſpute
With the divine, th' inchanting lute
Of him who other bards excells,
Chaulieu, who at your * temple dwells.
Know then that indolence and eaſe
Such minds as ours alone can pleaſe.

* The Abbe *Chaulieu* liv'd at the temple which belongs to the grand Priors of France. It was in former times inhabited by the Knights Templars.

Of

Of gods themſelves this was the lot
In times which ne'er will be forgot;
Yours is this bleſt condition now,
And ſure the truth you muſt avow,
That after many days and nights
Sacred to courts and ſoft delights,
When you ſuch great things have atchiev'd,
'Tis happineſs to be reliev'd;
That after toil 'tis bliſs to reſt,
That he who nothing does is bleſt

To

* To the Abbe CHAULIEU.

Sully, July 2. 1717.

TO thee who doſt in lyrick lays
Rival the fam'd *Anacreon's* praiſe,
Who doſt voluptuous pleaſure preach,
And by your life free living teach;
Thou bleſt with ſuch a tuneful mind,
That when to bed by gout confin'd,
Thy lute there yields as pleaſing ſounds
As at a feaſt where mirth abounds.

I write to you from *Sully*, where *Chapelle* liv'd, that is, got drunk for two years together. I wiſh he had left ſomething of his poetical talent in this caſtle; it would be very convenient for thoſe who undertake to write to you. But as we are told that he bequeath'd it entirely to you, I was oblig'd to have recourſe to magick, of which you have frequently made mention.

* This epiſtle, conſiſting partly of verſe, and partly of proſe, is one of our author's firſt works. *Chapelle*, who is here ſpoken of, was a man of an eaſy genius, and had a turn to libertiniſm; he had been much given to drinking, which was the vice of his age; both his conſtitution and his genius were greatly impair'd by this practice.

Then

Then ſearching all the caſtle round,
Soon as the darkeſt tower I found,
Call'd upon gay *Chapelle's* ſpright
From realms where reigns eternal night,
To the infernal gods I made
No offering when I call'd the ſhade,
Like knaves who erſt in ſervile days,
Loudly ſung forth their godhead's praiſe;
Or Endor's witch whoſe curſed art
With terror ſtruck Saul's daſtard heart,
Who thought the devil before his eyes
Had made the prophet's ſpectre riſe.
But we can raiſe a bard from hell,
Without a magic rite or ſpell:
A ſong alone muſt ſure ſuffice,
To make a poet's ghoſt ariſe;
I thus addreſs'd him, much lov'd friend,
Chapelle from Pluto's realms aſcend.
A poet wants your kindly aid,
A poet now invokes your ſhade.
Yet we are told, propitious gods
Have rais'd you to the bleſs'd abodes,
And plac'd you 'twixt the powers divine,
That over verſe preſide and wine.

Therefore kind Chapelle, much lov'd friend,
From realms above on earth deſcend.
This prayer familiarly addreſt,
Was heard with favour by the bleſt,
Tho' it to merit had no claim,
But being offer'd in your name.
Before me *Chapelle* ſtood confeſs'd,
With tranſport glow'd my raviſh'd breaſt:
In one hand he held forth the lyre,
Which charm'd ſo oft the heavenly choir,
* *Gaſſendi*'s works he with him brought,
With various, well fram'd ſyſtems fraught;
He on *Bachaumon* leaning walk'd,
And with him of his journey talk'd;
A journey which, whilſt he recited,
All thoſe that heard him were delighted.

I aſk'd him by what art he during his reſidence in our world
Touching his lyre could always pleaſe
With flowing numbers, and with eaſe,

* Chapelle was educated by Gaſſendi, and became a great partiſan of the philoſophical ſyſtem of his maſter. When ever he was intoxicated with liquor, he explained Gaſſendi's ſyſtem to all preſent, and when they were gone, he continu'd holding forth to the ſteward.

Which

nature only could impart,
ne'er were faulty found by art?
by love and wine alone,
the power of verſe was known,
:y Chaulieu for a time,
: the happy art to rhime;
he ſhould in turn impart
:cepts of the tuneful art.

ANSWER to the foregoing.

SIR,

I Should never have thought, that ſuch a man could have any faith in ſpirits, and ſtill be you could believe what they ſay when they God knows from whence. The Epicurean p phers, to whoſe ſect you ſay I belong, have, heaven, enabled me to doubt of the reality of Ch apparition, and equally to diſtruſt the infinuati his ſhade, of your politeneſs, and of my own ſel which you have with great addreſs endeavour'd tereſt upon this occaſion. Amongſt many other reaſons which ſhould induce you to diſtruſt this rition, you have in yourſelf an eſſential one, ſhould determine you to give it no ſort of credi did me.

Do not believe a lying ſhade,
Who bids you learn the poet's trade
From me, ſo much below you;
Such progreſs you have in it made,
That only Phœbus' heavenly aid
Can now new light beſtow you.

This is all I can ſay in anſwer to the prettieſt letter that ever was writ, a letter whoſe flattery I ſhould not liſten to, and whoſe brilliancy of imagination deters me from attempting to anſwer it in form, as the anſwer would, in all likelihood, be unworthy of a ſcholar of *Chapelle*, to whom you might very poſſible ſhew it, as you have ſo great an intimacy with him forty years after his death.

But tho' I diſtruſt my head, I am always ſure of my heart, and in proof of the eſteem and affection I have for you, of which you aſk me a token that cannot be call'd in queſtion, I ſhall with the ſincerity which I have always profeſs'd, tell you my real opinion of the affair which you have communicated to me.

Paris, July 26, 1717.

To

To the Preſident HENAUT, Author of an excellent Work upon the Hiſtory of France.

Cirey, Sept. 2, 1744.

GODDESS who doſt make bleſt the earth,
Health who to temperance owe thy birth,
Who pleaſures to the wiſe diſpenſe,
Whoſe joys are govern'd by good ſenſe,
Who doſt with gilded rays adorn
Our youth, of life the brilliant morn;
And oft doſt cheer life's gloomy cloſe
With calm content and ſoft repoſe.
Oh health-diſpenſing goddeſs, now
Liſten propitious to my vow;
By thy kind ſtar conduct to reſt
A mortal worthy to be bleſt.
All other gods unite to ſhed
Their bleſſings upon Henaut's head.
Will you, who hold the place of all,
Alone prove deaf to Henaut's call?
To ſweet ſociety once more,
And to his noble ſeats reſtore

Henaut

Henaut, whoſe happy vein of wit
Can every taſte and genius hit.
To him your needful ſuccour lend,
For him time's rapid courſe ſuſpend:
So well he knows time to employ,
So well divides 'twixt care and joy.
Women, inchanted by his eaſe,
Have thought he only knew to pleaſe;
Men, who the depth of ſcience ſound,
Have ever thought him moſt profound;
The god of jollity and mirth
Thinks him the merrieſt ſoul on earth.
Immortal as his works, may he
Live late poſterity to ſee,
Live long as all the kings, his pen
So well brings to the view of men,
Whoſe characters ſo well he draws,
Their deeds relates, explains their laws.
Since he ſo many ways has ſhone,
Reſtore his ſtomach to its tone.
Of ev'ry talent he's poſſeſs'd,
With ev'ry virtue glows his breaſt;
The art to pleaſe, is all his own,
The art t'enjoy to him is known;

All this, however, is a jeſt,
If he's unable to digeſt.
I wonder not that Des Fontaines,
Who tires all mortals with his ſtrain,
Should in his garret midſt his lumber
Of duſty books have eaſy ſlumber,
That he ſhould ſtill be in good caſe
Tho' void of virtue and of grace.
Egle or Silvia ne'er invite
Pedants who without genius write,
Whoſe heap'd citations readers tire
Whoſe writings dulneſs fumes inſpire;
His company all mortals cloys,
He is reduc'd to herd with boys.
Alas! to genius's alone
Theſe indigeſtions curs'd are known.

After this hymn to the goddeſs of health which I have made with the utmoſt ſincerity of friendſhip, permit me, Sir, to add to it mentally a ſhort *Gloria Patri*. I have as much occaſion for it as you, but I am more ſollicitous about your welfare than my own. May the goddeſs of health firſt ſhower down her favours upon you; drink the waters of Plombieres chearfully, and return with all ſpeed to Cirey before the Auſtrian huſſars

huſſars enter Lorrain. Such folks give no waters to drink but thoſe of the river Styx. Do not forget that amongſt the multitude of your well-wiſhers there are two here who deſire that you ſhould ſtop awhile in your journey for their ſakes.

To Monſ. DE FONTENELLE.

SIR, *Villars, September* 1, 1720.

THE ladies at Villars are quite ſpoil'd by reading your Treatiſe of the Plurality of Worlds. We could have wiſh'd it had rather been by your Paſtorals, for we would much rather have ſeen them ſhepherdeſſes than philoſophers. They ſpend that time in contemplating the ſtars, which they might employ to much greater advantage; and as our taſte is regulated by theirs, love for them has made us all turn natural philoſophers.

Each night on beds by nature made,
Whoſe verdure trees o'er-arching ſhade,
Which ſeem by nature's ſelf deſign'd,
For meetings of another kind;
We out of order put the ſkies,
Venus ſeems Mercury to our eyes;
For we no teleſcopes have here
To bring the wand'ring planets near,
But to behold them we apply
Our opera-glaſſes to the eye.

As

As we paſs the whole night in taking a view of the ſtars, we very much neglect the ſun, to which we rarely pay a viſit till he has run one half of his courſe. We were inform'd awhile ago, that he look'd bloody the whole morning: that afterwards, without the air's being any ways obſcur'd, he, by inſenſible degrees, was depriv'd both of his magnitude and his light: this information we did not receive till five o'clock in the evening. We thereupon look'd out at the window, and we took the ſun for the moon on account of his paleneſs. We make no doubt but you have ſeen the ſame phænomenon at Paris.

Upon this occaſion, Sir, we addreſs you as our maſter. You know how to make thoſe things pleaſing which are ſcarce made intelligible by other philoſophers, and ſuch a man as you was neceſſary in France, and indeed, in all Europe, to inform the literati, and inſpire the ignorant with a taſte for the ſciences.

Say, Fontenelle, who took thy flight
With rapid wings above all height,
Who with *Dedalean* art could pierce
Each corner of the univerſe;
And many ſpheres immortal view
Seen by St. Paul as well as you,

Where beauties never ſeen before
He ſaw, but of them ſays no more.
Of the ſun which you know ſo well,
Can you not mortals ſomething tell,
Why did he red as blood appear
In ent'ring upon his career?
Why did he tremble and turn pale?
Why leſſen? why did his light fail?
Upon a ſight ſo full of dread
What by * *Boulainvilliers* is ſaid?
To many nations will he cry
That their deſtruction's drawing nigh;
Shall we behold incurſions new,
Edicts or war's dire terrors view?
Shall impoſts over France increaſe,
Or branches of revenue ceaſe?
When once upon the verdant plain
You tun'd your reed a ſimple ſwain,
Had you beheld the god of day,
A change ſo great to view diſplay,

* The Count de Boulainvilliers, a man of great erudition, but who was weak enough to believe in aſtrology. Cardinal de Fleury ſaid of him that he ſaw one ſeeth future, the paſt, or the preſent. He has, however, made ſome fine reſearches upon the Hiſtory of France.

You

You'd thought ſome change muſt then have riſe
In your nymph's heart as in the ſkies.
But ſince your Phœbus left the plains,
And all the rural joys of ſwains
For thoſe important truths made known
By *Euclid* and by *Varignon*;
Since you at length have laid aſide
The ribbans, Celadon's gay pride,
To take the Aſtrolabe in hand,
You'll ſpeak what few can underſtand:
You'll puzzle us with calculation,
Talk of refraction and equation.
But if you graciouſly ſhould deign
Theſe difficulties to explain,
Whenever you the truth make known,
Uſe the poetic ſtyle alone;
For us bright fancy more engages
Than five ſcore deeply learned pages.

* Monſ. de FONTENELLE's ANSWER to Monſ. de VOLTAIRE.

YOU folks who in the country dwell,
This is a ſtrange thing that you tell,
That when the ſun firſt ſhew'd his head,
His face was cover'd o'er with red:
Then vapours which from earth ariſe
Caſt o'er his glory that diſguiſe.
The ſun remain'd a priſoner there,
Wrapt up in thick, malignant air;
And yet I dare be bold to ſay
He did not fear to faint away.
This is all that I chuſe to tell,
And ſo I bid you all farewell.
In youth's delightful days, life's prime,
Such ſtudies are quite out of time;
Nothing youth ſhould to know require,
But pleaſures taſte at heart's deſire.

* This anſwer of Fontenelle's is very indifferent; he compoſed another addreſſed to Madam de Villars, which we have not been able to come at.

I'll

I'll own the ſcience that we boaſt
But ſpecious trifling is at moſt;
A trifling ſuited to our age,
Which helps us on in life's laſt ſtage;
Our journey let's in peace purſue
And ſeek the pleaſures made for you.
Upon the verdant turf lie down,
And in love's joys life's ſorrows drown;
For love, enchanting love alone,
Its cordial drop all mortals own.
Aliſon, *Martin* ſtill are ſung,
Becauſe they both took care when young
To make the beſt uſe of their time,
And not to loſe life's youthful prime.
Howe'er I'll own I do not doubt,
But the ſun may one day go out,
And ſay, kind gentlemen, good night,
Seek ſome one elſe to give you light:
No more I ſhall in glory riſe,
No more illuminate the ſkies;
I wiſh you then good night once more,
My ſhining days are paſt and o'er;
And if no goddeſs ſhould be there,
The powers divine he will not ſpare.

But oh what evils ſhall befall
From want of light this wretched ball!
Candles and torches feeble light,
Won't diſſipate ſo thick a night.
In chaos earth ſhall be involv'd,
Society ſhall be diſſolved.
Human connection all ſhall end,
No man ſhall leave take of his friend.
All men ſhall quickly diſappear,
And none behind them leave an heir.
But what's ſtill worſe than all the reſt,
Each ſhall deſire to be confeſt;
To prieſts for pardon ſhall repair,
And ſeem abandon'd to deſpair.

To

To the Marquis of ISSARTS, Ambaſſador of France at the Court of Dreſden.

SIR, *Verſailles, April* 7, 1747.

THE kind letter with which you favoured me, gives me at once pleaſure and regret; at the ſame time that it delights me, it makes me ſenſible of the loſs I have ſuſtained. I might have been preſent at the very moment when your Excellency ſigned the treaty by which France was made happy. I might have ſeen the court of Dreſden, but I never ſaw it. I was not born to be happy; but your happineſs, Sir, you will own even to equal your merit. What you left at Verſailles, is reſtored to you at Dreſden; you have there met with a King beloved by his ſubjects.

One day you'll make us a report
Which King has the moſt brilliant court,
Which Lewis or Auguſtus' name
To glory has the better claim?
A point like this might well confound
Sagacity the moſt profound,

You'll

You'll find e'en ten years labour vain
This difficulty to explain.

Nothing can better prove how hard a matter it is to diſcover truth in this world; and then, Sir, thoſe who know it beſt are the laſt to divulge it. For example, can thoſe who have had the honour of being admitted to the preſence of the three Princeſſes, with whom the Queen of Poland has bleſſed France, Naples, and Munich, ever determine which of the three nations is happieſt?

Should we even of the Queen enquire
Which daughter we ſhould moſt admire;
Which of the three does moſt excell,
She'd ſure be much perplex'd to tell:
But if you ſhould of me enquire
Which gratitude ſhould moſt inſpire,
Which the moſt hope ſhould entertain,
In doubt I ſhould not long remain.

When I ſee the Dauphin and Dauphineſs, I think of Pſyche, and recollect that Pſyche had two ſiſters:

Both fill'd the gazers with delight,
The Courts of both alike were bright;
Both were with tender ſpouſes wedded,
But Pſyche was with Cupid bedded.

But

But perhaps, Sir, an end might be put to this diſpute, and *Paris* would, upon ſuch an occaſion, cut his apple into three pieces.

The prize of beauty ſhould adorn
Her to whom firſt a daughter's born,
In whom we ſhall with tranſport trace
The beauty of her royal race.

You ſee, Sir, that tho' I am not a politician, I can contrive means to accommodate matters, and I don't doubt but you will approve of my ſentiments.

I have the honour of being,

With the utmoſt reſpect,

Your Excellency's moſt humble ſervant, &c.

To Count ALGAROTTI at the Court of Saxony.

Paris, February 21, 1747.

THESE ſtrains, O Algarotti, hear,
To Pindus and Cytheron dear,
Who doſt from Heaven the gifts inherit,
To love, to pleaſe, to write with ſpirit,
Who with each ſhining talent grac'd
Can ſuit thyſelf to ev'ry taſte;
Whilſt you in lofty palace ſit
A poet's weak addreſs permit;
No art or care theſe lines diſplay,
Wrote 'midſt the giddy and the gay.
The bliſs, O Saxony, we owe
To thee ſhould make our hearts o'erflow
With gratitude, the poet's lays
Should ſtill be laviſh in thy praiſe;
From thee the valiant hero came,
Who France defends, the royal dame
Who makes it famous o'er the earth,
In thy bleſs'd realm receiv'd her birth.

Know

Know this accompliſh'd princeſs ſtill
Each day continues to fulfil
What oft your muſe of her foretold;
What you could prophet-like unfold.
From this deſcription doubtleſs you
Will think I've ſeen and heard her too:
It is not ſo; I'll freely own
My muſe obſcure and little known,
Such charms excited to rehearſe,
But tells the ſimple truth in verſe;
Re-echoes what all mortals ſay,
Who homage to ſuch beauty pay.
A Dauphineſs by crowds ſurrounded,
With ceremony is confounded.
Prudently I at firſt gave place
To dames whoſe hoops fill ſo much ſpace;
Who occupy with gaudy pride
Of the apartment every ſide.
Was *Virgil* ſtruck with Livia's ſtate
Still at her toilet firſt to wait?
He let Cornelia paſs neglected,
Nor Peers nor Chancellor reſpected;
Nobles he paſs'd regardleſs by,
Pomp never once could catch his eye.

He

He with Tibullus and the muſe
To laugh at care would rather chuſe.
But in my turn I ſhall obtain
My wiſh, and not apply in vain.
I to the graces ev'ry day
With fervent heart devoutly pray.
Daughters of love, I cry, oh deign
Propitiouſly to aid my ſtrain;
And when your ſiſter you attend,
My muſe preſent her as a friend.
But of the ſacred nuptial bands,
The tye that join'd the royal hands
Of the moſt noble pair on earth,
Renown'd for virtue as for birth;
Venus's maids of honour may
Indeed be able to diſplay
Thoſe glories; but a wretch prophane
Like me ſhould not attempt the ſtrain.
If we may credit the report
Unanimous of the whole court,
From them a race ſhall ſoon take riſe,
Whoſe glories ſhall the world ſurprize.
To the great miniſter of ſtate
Who regulates the kingdom's fate,

A bard's reſpects and homage pay,
I would not tire him with my lay.
Thoſe offerings exquiſite and rare
Deem'd by the great and by the fair,
Who live on flattery and lies,
Such elevated ſouls deſpiſe.
Adieu! Inſpire thro' Saxon plains
A taſte for ſoft Italian ſtrains,
And for the truths by Newton taught,
Newton! almoſt a God in thought!
In more ſublime, more heavenly lays,
Sing fair Æmilia's deathleſs praiſe.

ANSWER

ANSWER to Cardinal QUIRINI.

Berlin, December 12, 1751.

THE temple would you have me ſing,
To which you various offerings bring?
But yet tho' I your worth admire,
I cannot do what you require.
How can I, on the banks of Spree,
Where Roman laws no more bear ſway,
My voice before all mankind raiſe,
And utter forth a prelate's praiſe?
From Sion, diſtant and forlorn,
Like a good catholic, I mourn.
My prince by hereſy's infected,
Religion's not by him reſpected.
It fills my ſoul with poignant woe,
To think that in the ſhades below
He ſhall, with antients, have his place,
Antients who were quite void of grace;
We know thoſe heroes, thrice renown'd,
Are puniſh'd in th' abyſs profound;

With

With them he muſt be damn'd, becauſe
He in this world liv'd by their laws.
But ſtill I'm much more griev'd to find
A ſhocking vice infects his mind;
A vice, by men call'd Toleration,
Which bears th' opinions of each nation:
I'm ſhock'd to think the Turkiſh crew,
The Quaker and the Lutheran too,
The Proteſtant and Papiſt find
Alike, with him, reception kind,
If they can by their actions claim
Of honeſt men the glorious name.
But, crime more ſhocking to reveal,
He laughs at ſanguinary zeal;
That hate which bigots fills with rage,
Which gentle pity can't aſſuage,
But which the Free-thinker, profeſs'd,
Prophanely turns into a jeſt:
What can your Eminence then hope
From me who don't revere the Pope?
From me, who am the chamberlain
Of a prince obdurate in ſin?
You, whoſe predeſtinated front
Bears double marks of honour on't,

Whose scarlet hat, with laurels bound,
Shews you for poetry renown'd;
Who Horace and St. Austin's lore,
With equal genius could explore,
Who equally dost know to rise
To Pindus top, and paradise,
Convert that genius; you can please,
And teach mankind with equal ease;
Of Jesus Christ, the grace divine,
Does often thro' your writings shine,
And in them often we admire
Both Homer's grace and Homer's fire.

EPISTLE to ****.

DUDEFANS, Fourmont, who both unite
Solidity to graces light,
In whom wit's charms, with ſenſe combin'd,
And eloquence's pow'r we find;
Ye pleaſures, which all good contain,
Which I ſtill labour'd to obtain;
Philoſophers, whoſe learned lore
I vainly labour'd to explore;
From all th' efforts I made to know,
What are th' advantages that flow?
Thoſe ſquares of diſtances, thoſe ſprings,
Atoms, inexplicable things,
That vaſt abyſs of infinite,
Can it into my ſoul pour light?
Lectures on bodies are but vain,
They can't eaſe mine when rack'd with pain:
Does greater bliſs my ſoul o'erflow?
Better do I my duty know
When I have all the viſions read
In *Renes* roving fancy bred?

Or

Or when with Malebranche I've found
[illegible]nnot the Godhead ſound?
[illegible] by ſcaling I ariſe
Up to truth's caſtle in the ſkies,
With the illuſtrious *Leibnitz* aid,
And ſee Monades alone diſplay'd.
Fly qui[illegible]ly hence, deluding dreams!
Ye cold ch[illegible]emes!
And ſince t[illegible]ſign'd,
Let us ſome pleaſin[illegible]ors find.
The vulgar mind t[illegible] bent,
On calculations ſtill
If pleas'd with ſuch a[illegible]ed trade,
For nothing nobler e'er was made.

From the deep caverns under ground,
Where dwells philoſophy profound,
Behold *Æmilia*, on the plain,
Advance with cupids in her train!
Had ſhe not been by theſe befriended,
Who to Bruſſels her ſteps attended,
She would have loſt life's brilliant ſtage,
In poring o'er a German ſage.

To Mr. DE CIDEVILLE.

PARDON's at Eaſter ever due
To chriſtians who their penance do:
Mine's done, a ſilence that's ſo laſting,
Is penance worſe by far than faſting.
A pardon full you therefore owe me,
So plenary indulgence ſhew me.
Of a true ſage I long in queſt
Travell'd, but now I am at reſt;
No more about the world I roam,
I'm ten times happier at home.
All that I ſought at length I find,
I'm bleſt and hid from human kind.
The throne and all its ſlaviſh pride,
Grandeurs by men with envy ey'd,
Can't with my hermitage compare,
Where never enters anxious care.
Kings I have ſeen, who, in retreat,
Thought themſelves like Aurelius great;
But virtue was no more their care,
When trumpets clangors pierc'd the air;

Good

Good resolutions then are o'er,
[illegible]
They fetter the world with eager hosts,
To seize on realms, or to lay waste;
They all are to ambition slaves,
But my free soul ambition leaves.
Princes, the grandeur of a throne
Renounc'd, I will for ever shun.

EPISTLE to the KING, preſented to his Majeſty at the Camp before Fribourgh.

KING of benign but of undaunted heart,
As brave as mild, and prudent without art,
Whither do you precipitately go?
The fever 'ſcaping you provoke the foe!
You haſte to Fribourgh, Peyronie in vain
Strove your impetuous ardour to reſtrain.
To riſk your precious life, great king, beware,
Fields ſuit not him who wants phyſician's care.
When laurels bind the conquering hero's brow,
Some care of health he ſurely may allow.
Zeal ſpoke, but from you no attention drew,
Deaf to advice, you to the combat flew;
Inclement ſeaſons with the foes conſpire,
You brave the ſeaſons and the cannon's fire:
Your headlong courage fills with dread the ſtate,
But your foes dread it as they dread their fate.
Give to Vienna not to Paris fear,
Make us rejoice to whom you are ſo dear:

The hero they admire and love once more,
To loving ſubjects graciouſly reſtore,
A ſage has ſaid the only good below,
The only ſolid bliſs that mortals know,
Springs from the tender ſympathy of hearts
From the bleſt tranſports friendſhip's force imparts,
How happy then muſt be the monarch's fate,
Who's lov'd by every member of the ſtate!
How bleſt the king whoſe throne's each ſubject's breaſt!
This bliſs enjoy, by thee it is poſſeſt.
To Paris' ramparts even from Alſace bound
Approach, you'll hear the voice of love reſound,
Subjects you'll ſee whoſe boſoms tranſports fire,
Bleſſing the hero whom their ſouls admire,
Do you not ſee how on their knees they fall,
How on your face are fix'd the eyes of all,
How our hearts leap with tranſport at the ſight
Of our lov'd kings? This triumph's your delight.
Kings dragg'd like ſlaves, thro' an inſulting throng
Led to the capitol in chains along,
Thoſe glittering chariots, prieſts, that warlike hoſt,
That ſenate which made earth oppreſs'd its boaſt,
Wretches from the proceſſion to the tomb
Sent, were the triumphs both of pride and Rome:

Yours

Your's is love's triumph, and its glory pure,
Theirs time effac'd, yours ever will endure;
They ſhock'd mankind, the ſinking world you raiſe,
In you his image God on earth diſplays,
In the bleſt age of gold you had been king,
Enjoy the days of happineſs you bring,
May peace for ever bleſs their happy courſe,
Peace makes bleſt days, the glorious, martial force.
May ſhe ſtill hear the victor's voice well-known,
He combated for us and her alone.

EPISTLE to her Moſt Serene Highneſs the Dutcheſs of MAYNE, occaſioned by the Victory gained by his Majeſty at Lawfelt.

OFFSPRING and mother of a line,
Which ever did with heroes ſhine,
My feeble voice you would inſpire,
Again you'd have me tune the lyre.
You'd have me publiſh to mankind
His deeds, the virtues of his mind,
Tell how great *Cumberland* admir'd
The monarch, fear'd him and retir'd:
No more the poets art divine
Subſiſts, in war alone men ſhine:
Our king no bard can juſtly praiſe,
His glory riſes, ours decays.
Fontenoy's ſoft, harmonious name,
Indeed might aid the poet's flame:
The name Woerden ſhock'd Boileau,
What had he ſaid if forc'd to go
Not far from Helderen 'twixt defiles,
At Nethes by Bathiani's wiles,

With

With d'Eſttrées from Roſmal advance?
Me glory rouzes from my trance;
The king's name we delighted hear,
But Lawſelt wounds the liſtening ear.
What then avails the praiſe beſtow'd,
In ſong, epiſtle, loſty ode,
Tho' Crebillon * reviſe the lines,
Which Marville †, not Apollo, ſigns.
I know th' indulgence of the king,
He'll take the incenſe which I bring;
Kindneſs ally'd to warlike ſpirit,
From his great ſires he does inherit;
But readers are not ſo contented,
For had I raſhly repreſented
Your valiant carbineers who gave
A bright example to the brave;
Should I the hero's worth proclaim
Who rivals the great Condé's fame,
Should even Apollo's ſelf inſpire
My verſe as Mars the hero's fire;
Still cenſurers with helliſh ſpight
Had rail'd at all that I could write,

* Mr. Crebillon, of the French academy, was, by his place, obliged to examine the manuſcripts laid before the government.

† Mr. Feydeau de Marville was at that time lieutenant of the police.

u ſatire, very little praiſe,
The author's labour ſtill repays;
But ſpight of all I'll ſtrive to ſing:
A bard ſhould ſuffer for his king;
Envy has blacker venom ſhed
On chiefs by whom our troops were led,
Than upon me who touch the lyre,
And praiſe the hero I admire.
Your voices academics raiſe,
Sleep not while kings require your praiſe.
Deſcribe the victor in the field
Whoſe right hand does the thunder wield,
Whoſe left the peaceful olive bears,
That baniſhes pale mortals fears:
No adulation is deſir'd,
Juſtice of you's alone requir'd;
Preſent with ages paſt compare
What Cæſar wrote revolve with care,
Seeing in war how Cæſar ſhone,
Great Maurice * will to you be known.
If thoſe whoſe arms defend the ſtate,
If France your breaſts can animate,
Behold the chief who wiſe and brave,
Parma, France, Genoa could ſave;

* Marſhal Saxe.

A mo-

A monument to *Boufflers* raiſe,
Be laviſh in fam'd Belleiſle's praiſe;
Boufflers' right arm had prop'd the throne,
He victim fell to death alone,
Eſcap'd from horrid war's alarms,
He dy'd in towns freed by his arms.
But what voice tender as it's ſtrong,
Shall utter forth a plaintive ſong,
Of valiant heroes doom'd t' expire,
Before their much lov'd king and ſire.
But you Bavaria, hapleſs chief,
Froulay, the object of our grief;
Who ſhall your warlike virtue ſing,
To your lov'd tombs who flow'rs ſhall bring?
Powers who the rowling planets guide,
Who o'er our tranſient lives preſide,
Lautrec midſt dangers dire defend,
O'er Segur your wings ſhade extend.
Rocou has felt the ſword's dire rage,
Have pity on his tender age;
That precious blood your care requires,
Which he to ſhed in fight aſpires:
Snatch numerous warriors from the grave,
Bonac and valiant *Daubeterre* ſave,

By cruel aid they ſuffer more
Than by Bellona's rage before.
But, ſome will ſay, why thus rehearſe
Long liſts of heroes in dull verſe?
Know that your countries love in vain,
Inſpires your true, your gen'rous ſtrain;
Seldom by praiſe you gain a friend,
Thoſe you neglect you much offend.
I'm haunted thus by dread of harm,
My life's ne'er free from ſome alarm,
Not more to Europe ever gave
Contentions both on land and wave.
Great princeſs then excite no more,
My timid muſe ſublime to ſoar,
Let me to hiſtory devote
My mind, and only write by rote;
There we may follow without art,
From the Scheld Lewis to the Tart:
My work ſhall all his deeds proclaim,
All, reflect honour on his name:
Boileau I would not imitate,
Boileau, that penſioner of ſtate,
Who tho' well paid his king to praiſe,
Was very ſparing of his lays.

EPIS-

*EPISTLE to the Cardinal Du Bois.

Cambray, July, 1722.

RUPELMONDE for her charms renown'd,
With whom I rove the world around,
Whom the young loves in crowds attend,
To whose commands all mortals bend,
Desires I'd write to you; my muse
Can nothing to the fair refuse.
By hopes to please her I'm excited,
And with the given task delighted.

We are just arriv'd at your eminences metropolis, which, I think, all the ambassadors and all the cooks in Europe have chosen as their place of rendezvous. The German ambassadors seem to have nothing to do at Cambray but drink the emperor's health. As for the ambassadors of Spain, one hears two masses a day,

* This epistle was wrote in 1722. It has been printed several times, but never before from the original. Madam de Rupelmonde was daughter to the marshal *D'Alegre*, wife of a Flemish nobleman, and mother of the marquis of *Rupelmonde*, who was kill'd in Bavaria.

other ſuperintends the company of comedians.
The niſters ſends ſeveral couriers to Cham-
y few to London. No body expects
o ſee your e ence, it is not apprehended that you
will quit your yal palace in order to viſit your pulpit.
would be a great mortification to us, as well as to
if you were oblig'd to quit the miniſtry in order
o turn apoſtle.

May gentlemen of deep deſign,
Who at the congreſs drink good wine,
Find means upon foundation ſure,
The peace of Europe to ſecure,
May you your city love, but ne'er
Think it worth while to viſit there.
I know you homilies can make,
In hand the biſhop's croſier take,
Can maſs upon occaſion ſay,
And in a voice ſonorous pray.
Rather teach princes how to ſhine,
Prudence with lively wit combine;
Let Europe's general voice proclaim
Your mighty deeds, reſound your fame;
Bleſt by all virtuous Frenchmen live,
Do not at Cambray bleſſings give.

Some-

Sometimes, my lord, remember a man who regrets nothing ſo much as not having in it his power to converſe with your eminence as often as he could wiſh, and who conſiders the honour of your company as the greateſt favour you can confer on him.

Cardinal

Cardinal De Fleury to Mr. De Voltaire.

SIR, *Iſſi, Nov.* 14, 1740.

I Have juſt receiv'd your ſecond letter, and anſwer it without loſing a moment, for fear the marquiſs of Beauvau ſhould have quitted Berlin. I can't but approve of your journey thither; and you are attach'd to the king of Pruſſia by ties ſo juſt and ſo ſtrong, that you can t refuſe him this mark of your reſpect and gratitude. The queen of Saba's motive alone would have been ſufficient to induce you to agree to it.

I did not know that the valuable preſent of *Anti-machiavel* which was made me by the marchioneſs of Chaſtelet, came from you; it is the more dear to me upon that account, and I return you my hearty thanks. As I have little leiſure to beſtow upon my amuſements, I have not hitherto been able to read above forty pages of it, and I ſhall endeavour to read it thro' in this place, which I improperly call my retreat, as there is too much perplexity and trouble in it to allow me much repoſe.

Who-

Whoever be the author of this work, if he is not a prince, he deſerves to be one, and the ſmall part of it which I have read is ſo wiſe, ſo reaſonable, and contains ſuch admirable principles, that he who compos'd it would deſerve to govern all other men, if he had the courage to carry them into execution: if he was born a prince, he enters into a ſolemn engagement with the public: the emperor Antoninus would never have acquir'd that immortal glory which he will preſerve for ever, if he had not by the juſtice of his government enforc'd the admirable ſyſtem of morality, of which he had given ſuch inſtructive leſſons to all ſovereigns.

You ſay ſo many obliging things of me, that I'm afraid I ſhould not give credit to them all; but they give me, however, high ſatisfaction, as they are at leaſt tokens of your friendſhip. I ſhould be greatly pleas'd if the king of Pruſſia could find in my conduct any conformity to his principles; for I aſſure you, I look upon them as the model of the moſt perfect and moſt glorious government.

I, unknown to myſelf, deviate into political reflections, and ſhall conclude, by aſſuring you, that I will do my utmoſt to deſerve the good opinion which his Pruſſian majeſty has of me. The quality of prince,

is in him superfluous; if he was only a private individual, every body would think it an honour to be connected with him. I envy you that happiness, sir, and felicitate you upon it the more, as you are indebted for it only to your talents and your virtues.

Mr.

Mr. De Voltaire's Anſwer to Cardinal De Fleury.

My LORD,

I Receiv'd your letter of the fourteenth, which was convey'd to me by the marquiſs of Beauveau. I have obey'd the orders which your eminence did not think proper to give me in expreſs terms. I have ſhewn your letter to the king of Pruſſia; he is the more ſenſible of your praiſes, as he deſerves them, and he appears to me diſpos'd to deſerve thoſe of all the nations in Europe. It were to be wiſh'd, for their happineſs, or at leaſt for that of a great part of them, that the king of France and the king of Pruſſia were friends. This concerns you, my buſineſs is to offer up my beſt wiſhes, and be always devoted to you with the moſt profound reſpect.

Berlin, 26th of November, 1740.

Car-

Cardinal ALBERONI to Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR, *Rome, Feb.* 10, 1735.

IT was long before your life of the late king of Sweden came to my knowledge, which oblig'd me to defer returning you my thanks for that part of it which concern'd me. Your prepoſſeſſion in my favour, has carried you a great way, ſince you have in your ſublime ſtyle ſaid more of me in two words, than *Pliny* has ſaid of *Trajan* in his whole panegyrick. Happy the princes who can find means to intereſt you in their exploits, your pen inſures their immortality. With regard to myſelf, I aſſure you of the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude, and that no one living loves, eſteems, and honours you more than Cardinal Alberoni.

Mr.

Mr. De Voltaire's ANSWER.

My LORD,

THE letter with which your eminence has honour'd me, is as acceptable a record of my works, as the eſteem of Europe can be of your actions. I was not entitled to your thanks my lord; I was only the organ of the public when I ſpoke of you. Liberty and truth, which have always guided my pen, ſecur'd me your ſuffrage. Thoſe two characters are ſure to pleaſe ſuch a genius as yours. Whoever does not love them, may become a powerful, but can never be a great man; I ſhould be glad to have an opportunity of admiring at a nearer view, him to whom I have done juſtice at a diſtance. I don't flatter myſelf that I ſhall ever be ſo happy as too ſee your eminence. But if Rome underſtands her intereſts enough even to deſire to re-eſtabliſh arts and commerce, and reſtore ſplendor to a country which was once miſtreſs of the world, I hope I ſhall then write to you by a different title from that of your eminence, of whom I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf with the moſt profound reſpect, &c.

Firſt

First LETTER of the PRINCE ROYAL of PRUSSIA to Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR, *August* 8, 1763.

THO' I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with you, I have long known you in your works. They are treasures of genius, if I may be allowed the expression, pieces labour'd with so much taste, that we discover new beauties in them at every reading. I think I have in them discover'd the character of their ingenious author, who does an honour to our age and to human nature. The great men amongst the moderns will one day be oblig'd to you, and to you alone, for turning the balance in their favour, in case the controversy concerning the preference due to the antients or moderns should be reviv'd.

To the quality of excellent poet, you add many different sorts of knowledge, which, tho' they have some affinity with poetry, were never superadded to it but by your pen. No poet before you could give cadence to metaphysical thoughts; this honour was reserv'd to

you.

you. 'Tis the taſte for philoſophy which you diſcover in your works, which has made me ſend you my tranſlation of the Accuſation and Defence of *Wolfius*, the moſt celebrated philoſopher of our age, who, for having diffus'd light over the darkeſt parts of metaphyſicks, and treated the moſt abſtruſe points in a manner equally ſublime, elegant, and exact, has been cruelly accus'd of irreligion and atheiſm. Such is the fate of great men; they are conſtantly expos'd by their ſuperior genius to the invenom'd darts of calumny and envy.

I have caus'd the ſame author's treatiſe upon God, the Soul, and the World, to be tranſlated. I ſhall ſend it to you, ſir, as ſoon as ever it is finiſh'd; and I am ſure that you will be ſtruck with the force of evidence in all its propoſitions, they follow geometrically, and are connected together like the links of a chain.

The tenderneſs which you diſcover for all thoſe who devote themſelves to the arts and ſciences, makes me hope that you will not exclude me from the number of thoſe whom you think worthy of your inſtructions. I conſider your literary correſpondence as a ſource of inſtruction that muſt be profitable to every thinking being. I might even venture to affirm, that in the whole world there are none that would not be benefited by

by becoming your ſcholars. Without laviſhing an incenſe unworthy to be offer'd you, I can ſay with the utmoſt ſincerity, that I diſcover innumerable beauties in your works. Your Henriade charms me, it triumphs over the injudicious criticiſm wrote againſt it. The tragedy of Cæſar preſents us with characters admirably ſupported. The ſentiments in it are all noble and grand, ar[illegible] eaſy t[illegible] erceive that Brutus is either a Roman, [illegible]man; Alzira adds to the graces of no[illegible] raſt between the manners of t[illegible] the Europeans. You ſhew in the c[illegible] of G[illegible]nan, that chriſtianity miſunderſtood, and directed by falſe zeal, makes men more barbarous and cruel than paganiſm itſelf.

Corneille, the great *Corneille*, the wonder of his age, if he was reviv'd in our days, would ſee with aſtoniſhment, and perhaps with envy, that the tragic muſe has laviſhed upon you thoſe graces of which ſhe was ſo ſparing to him. What may not be expected from the author of ſo many maſterly compoſitions? What new wonders may not come from the pen of him who delineated, in ſo lively and admirable a manner, the Temple of Taſte?

This

This is what has made me ſo ardently deſire to be poſſeſſed of all your works. I beg, ſir, you would be ſo good as to ſend me them, and communicate them all without reſerve. If, amongſt your manuſcripts, there ſhould be any which a neceſſary circumſpection ſhould induce you to conceal from the public, I promiſe to make it a profound ſecret, and content myſelf with admiring it in private. I am not ignorant that the faith of princes is not thought very reſpectable in theſe days; but I hope you will not let yourſelf be prepoſſeſſed by vulgar prejudices, and that you will make an exception in my favour.

I ſhall think myſelf more rich in poſſeſſing your works, than I could ever be made by all the tranſitory goods of fortune, of which we are deprived by the ſame chance which beſtows them on us. The firſt, I mean your works, we may make our own by the aſſiſtance of memory, and they laſt as long as our memory laſts. As I know the weakneſs of mine, I heſitate a long time upon the choice of things worthy to be depoſited in it.

If poetry was ſtill upon the ſame footing as formerly, that is to ſay, if poets were capable only of compoſing inſipid idylliums, eclogues eternally wrote upon

the

the ſame plan, trifling ſtanzas, or elegiac ſtrains, I ſhould renounce the art forever: but you ennoble it, you point out new paths, paths unknown to *** and to ***. Your poetry has qualities which make it reſpectable, and worthy to be the ſtudy and admiration of all men of taſte: they comprize a compleat courſe of morality, by which men are taught both to act and to think; virtue is therein painted in its moſt beautiful colours: the idea of true glory is aſcertained, and inſpires us with the love of virtue in a manner ſo delicate, that whoever has read your works is fir'd with an ambition to tread in your footſteps. How many times have I ſaid to myſelf, Wretch lay down a burthen which thou art unable to bear; no man can imitate Voltaire without having abilities equal to his. In thoſe moments I perceived that the advantages of birth are of no conſequence, they are diſtinctions foreign to ourſelves, and only adorn the outſide: How much preferable to them are the talents of the mind! How much are we indebted to thoſe whom nature has endowed with extraordinary qualifications! She takes pleaſure in giving to ſome men all the capacity neceſſary to make a progreſs in the ſciences, and it is the duty of princes to reward their labours. Why does

not

ot glory make choice of me to crown your ſucceſs? I ıould fear nothing but that the country here ſhould ot produce as many laurels as your works deſerve. f fate does not favour me ſo far as to make me con- antly happy in your company, I at leaſt hope one day) ſee him whom I admire at a diſtance, and to aſſure ou in perſon, that I am, with all the eſteem due to ıoſe who, following the light of truth, conſecrate heir works to the good of the public.

Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK,

Prince Royal of Pruſſia.

Mr.

Mr. DE VOLTAIRE's ANSWER to the Prince Royal of Pruſſia.

SIR, *Paris, Auguſt* 26, 1736.

I Muſt be inſenſible if I was not highly pleaſed with the letter that your royal highneſs honoured me with; my ſelf-love received high ſatisfaction from it; but the love of human kind, which always animated my heart, and which I will preſume to ſay is my diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick, gave me a much purer delight when I ſaw that there is in the world a prince who thinks like a man, a philoſophical prince born to make the human ſpecies happy.

Give me leave to tell you, that there is not a man living, who is not in duty bound to thank you for the care you take to improve by ſound philoſophy a ſoul by nature framed for government. Depend upon it, there never were any kings who really deſerved the name of good, but thoſe who, like you, began by endeavouring to acquire knowledge, to ſtudy human nature, to love truth, and to deteſt perſecution and ſuperſtition. Any prince

prince who thinks in this manner, may revive the golden age in his dominions. Why do ſo few kings ſeek ſuch happineſs? Your royal highneſs muſt be ſenſible, that it is becauſe moſt of them think more of royalty than of humanity: you obſerve the very reverſe of this conduct. Depend upon it, if the hurry of buſineſs and the malice of men do not ſpoil ſo fine a character, you will be one day adored by your people, and beloved by the whole world: all thoſe who deſerve the name of philoſophers will repair to your dominions; and as celebrated artiſts crowd to countries where their reſpective arts are encouraged, your throne will be ſurrounded by men who think.

The renowned queen Chriſtina quitted her dominions, in order to go in queſt of the arts: Reign, my lord, and let the arts come in queſt of you.

May you never be diſguſted with the ſciences on account of the diſſentions of learned men: You ſee, my lord, by what you have yourſelf informed me of, that the learned are only men like courtiers themſelves, they are ſometimes as rapacious, as much addicted to intrigue; and all the difference between the plagues of the court and the plagues of the ſchool, is, that the laſt are moſt ridiculous. It is afflictive to humanity,

that thoſe who call themſelves the publiſhers of the divine commandments, the interpreters of the deity, in a word, the divines ſhould be more dangerous than all the reſt: that ſome of them ſhould be as troubleſome to ſociety, as confuſed in their ideas, and their ſouls are ſwelled with gall and pride, in proportion as they are void of ideas: ſuch men would diſturb the peace of the whole earth for the ſake of a ſophiſm, and engage kings to aſſert, by ſword and fire, the honour of an argument, in *ferio* or *barbara*. Every thinking being who differs from them in opinion, is branded as an atheiſt; and every king who does not favour their party is conſigned to damnation. You are well aware, my lord, that it is the beſt way to leave theſe pretended preceptors and real enemies of ſociety to themſelves. Their words, when overlooked and neglected, mix with the air like wind; but, if authority adds its weight to them, that wind acquires a ſtrength which is ſometimes able to ſhake the throne.

I ſee, my lord, with the joy of a heart inſpired by zeal for the welfare of mankind, the great difference you make between thoſe who peaceably inveſtigate the truth, and thoſe who war for words they don't underſtand. I perceive that the *Newton*'s, the *Leibnitz*'s, the *Bayle*'s,

Boyle's, and the *Locke's*, thoſe ſouls ſo ſublime and ſo humane, give your's its ſpiritual nouriſhment, and that you reject the pretended aliments of the others, which you would find poiſoned, and void of ſubſtance.

I can't make ſufficient acknowledgments to your highneſs for having ſent me the little book concerning Mr. Wolf; his metaphyſical ideas reflect an honour upon the human underſtanding; they reſemble flaſhes of lightning in the darkeſt night; nothing farther can, in my opinion, be expected from metaphyſicks. It does not ſeem probable, that the firſt principles of things will ever be thoroughly underſtood. The rats, who occupy a few holes in a great pile of building, neither know whether the building is eternal, who is the architect, nor why that architect has built: they exert themſelves to the utmoſt to preſerve their lives, to people their holes, and to fly the deſtructive animals who purſue them. We are the rats, and the divine architect who built this edifice of the univerſe, has not, as I know, hitherto diſcloſed his ſcent to any of us. If any man may flatter himſelf with having gueſſed right, 'tis Mr. Wolf. Though we may ſometimes combat his opinions, we muſt always eſteem him: his philoſophy is by no means pernicious. What can be more

beautiful and more true than his axiom, that men ought to be juſt, even if they had the misfortune of being atheiſts?

You were ſo good, my lord, as to promiſe to ſend me the Treatiſe upon God, the Soul and the World. What a preſent this! how extraordinary a commerce! The heir to a monarchy in his palace, condeſcends to ſend inſtructions to a recluſe! my lord, deign to make me this preſent; my great love for the truth renders me worthy of it; moſt princes fear to hear the truth, you undertake to teach it. With regard to the verſes which you mention, you think as judiciouſly upon that as upon every other article; ſuch verſes as do not teach men new and intereſting truths do not deſerve to be read; you are ſenſible, that nothing can be more contemptible than to paſs away one's life in reducing to rhime ſuch trite, common-place topicks as do not deſerve the name of thoughts. If any thing can be lower than this, it is to be a ſatyriſt alone, and to write only in order to depreciate others. Such poets are in Parnaſſus what thoſe doctors are in the ſchools who know nothing but words, and cabal againſt thoſe who are acquainted with things.

If

If your royal highneſs has not been diſpleaſed with the Henriade, I ſhould thank that love of truth, that horror of faction, perſecution, ſuperſtition, tyrants and rebels, which breathe thro' my poem. 'Tis the work of a virtuous man, and ſhould of conſequence meet with a favourable reception from a philoſophical prince.

You command me to ſend you my other works, I ſhall obey you, my lord: I ſhall ſubmit them to your judgment; you will to me ſupply the place of the public. I will ſubmit to you whatever I have advanc'd in philoſophy; your information ſhall be my recompence; 'tis a recompence which few ſovereigns have to give. I may depend upon your ſecreſy; your virtue muſt equal your knowledge.

I ſhould look upon it as a ſingular happineſs to have it in my power to come and pay my court to your royal highneſs. Travellers go to Rome to ſee churches, pictures and bas relievo's. Such a prince as you is much more deſerving of a traveller's attention, a prince of ſuch merit is a much more uncommon ſight. But friendſhip, which detains me in my preſent retreat, will not permit me to quit it. You appear to me to be more a man than a prince, and you will, without doubt, permit me, my Lord, to prefer my friends even to kings.

it ſhall be my conſtant prayer that you m
be like yourſelf, and that other kings may b

I am, with the profoundeſt reſpect

Your royal Highneſs's humble ſervant

VOLT

EPISTLE to the Prince Royal of PRUSSIA.

Cirey, 21ſt of December, 1741.

SUN who in winter ſad dart feeble fire,
Sun who art of this world believ'd the fire,
Inventor deem'd of the poetic trade,
Tho' ſuch ſad verſes ev'ry day are made:
Say, Sun, what rigorous deſtiny ordains,
That whilſt ſo little of the year remains
You ſhould ſo diſtant from fam'd Berlin roll,
Which lies towards the frozen northern pole?
There dwells the chief whoſe breaſt celeſtial fire,
In his climes wanting ever does inſpire;
The hero who a hoſt undaunted led,
And conquer'd Neiſs when from our climes you fled.
Your courſe why do you to th'antartic ſteer?
Do negroes lovely to your eyes appear?
From that ſad climate quickly back retire,
And like my hero yield celeſtial fire.

In terms like theſe, royal Sir, did I this morning addreſs your brother the ſun, who is likewiſe the ſoul of a part of this world. I ſhould have ſaid a great deal

more concerning your majeſty, if I had that talent for writing verſe with eaſe, which I have loſt, and which you poſſeſs. I have received ſome here which you compoſed at Neiſs, with as much eaſe as you took the town. This little anecdote, together with the verſes, which you were ſo kind as to ſend me immediately after the victory of Molwitz, will one day furniſh extraordinary materials for hiſtory.

Lewis the XIVth took the Franche-Comte in winter, but he fought no battle and compoſed no verſes at the camp before Dole or Beſançon. Thoſe compoſed by your majeſty at Neiſs, reſemble thoſe which Solomon compoſed in all his glory, when, after having known all things by experience, he acknowledged that *all is vanity*. It is true, the good man ſpoke thus in the midſt of three hundred wives, and ſeven hundred concubines, and without having ever fought a battle or beſieged a town. But, royal Sir, no offence to Solomon or you, or to you and Solomon; there is certainly ſome reality in this world.

Sileſia's regions to lay waſte,
Then crown'd with laurels home to haſte,
To hear all bards your worth proclaim,
And conſecrate the hero's fame;

The

The fair and brave each night to call
To opera, comedy, or ball;
Yourſelf to ſee both lov'd and fear'd,
Admir'd by all men, and rever'd,
Seated on glory's lap to know
The pleaſures that from friendſhip flow;
A joy to thoſe but rarely known
Who ſhine in fields or on the throne;
With taſte to read the learned lays
Compos'd by bards of ancient days;
Sometimes to labour happy rhymes,
Which ſhall be read in lateſt times;
Such a life muſt your bliſs ſecure,
And pleaſure muſt be real ſure.

Your majeſty has atchieved many great things in a ſhort time. I am poſitive there is not that perſon living who is employed in a greater variety of affairs of all kinds; but with this active genius that comprehends ſo many things in its ſphere, you will always preſerve that ſuperiority of genius which raiſes you above all your employments.

All I apprehend is, that you may at laſt conceive too great a contempt for mankind. Millions of animals with two feet and no feathers are removed to a vaſt

diſtance from you as well by the meanneſs of their underſtanding as of their condition. This thought has been beautifully expreſſed by Milton:

Amongſt unequals no ſociety.

There is another misfortune to be dreaded, and that is, that as your majeſty ſo admirably delineates the noble courage of politicians, the intereſted attachment of courtiers, &c. you may at laſt diſtruſt all demonſtrations of affection whatever, and look upon it as a ſelf-evident propoſition, that no king is loved for his own ſake. Let me in my turn, Sir, offer an argument of my own. Is it not true, that no man can avoid loving, for his own ſake, a perſon of a ſuperior genius who has a variety of talents, and to thoſe talents joins the art of pleaſing. Now if by ill luck this ſuperior genius ſhould happen to be a king, ſhould his condition for that reaſon be the worſe, and would he be the leſs beloved becauſe of his wearing a crown? For my part, I don't find that the laſt circumſtance inſpires me with any coldneſs.

I am, Sir, &c.

The

The Prince Royal of PRUSSIA to M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Dear VOLTAIRE, *Selowitz, March* 23, 1742.

I Am afraid to write to you, for I have no other news to tell you but ſuch as you are quite indifferent about, or ſuch as you abhor. If I was to tell you, for example, that the inhabitants of two different countries of Germany left their habitations in order to cut the throats of another people, whoſe very name they were ignorant of, and which they went in queſt of to a very remote country, and that for no other reaſon but becauſe their maſter had made an agreement with another Prince, and becauſe they intended to join in order to cut the throat of a third, you would tell me, that ſuch people were fools and mad to ſecond in that manner the caprice and barbarity of their maſter.

Were I to tell you that we are preparing, with great care and expence, to demoliſh certain walls raiſed at an immenſe expence; that we reap where we have not ſown, and are maſters where no body is ſtrong enough

to

ſubjects, I ſhall talk to you no more about
ſhall content myſelf with informing you, th
whom you have heard ſpoken of under the
the King of Pruſſia, hearing that the dominio
ally the Emperor were ruined by the Queen
gary, flew to his aſſiſtance; that he joined h
to thoſe of the King of Poland, in order to m
verſion in Lower Auſtria; and that he has bee
ceſsful that he expects in a ſhort time to en
principal forces of the queen of Hungary in
ſerve his ally. This is generoſity, you will ſ
is heroiſm. Yet, dear Voltaire, this is exa
ſame with the firſt picture; it may be compare
ſame woman's appearing in her night-cap w
diveſts herſelf of her charms, and afterwards

the morning; the ſame ſun which pleas'd them at it's riſing, diſpleaſes them when it ſets; hence it is that reputations are eſtabliſh'd, that they ſink, and that they then are re-eſtabliſh'd again; and yet we are weak enough to be ſollicitous about reputation during the whole courſe of our lives. How is it poſſible that men can be impos'd upon by this falſe coin ever ſince it was firſt current? &c.

The

The KING of PRUSSIA to Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

IF all hiſtories were wrote like that which you ſent me, we would be better acquainted with the manners of all ages, and leſs impoſed upon by hiſtorians. The longer I know you, the more I admire your abilities. No ſtyle can, in my opinion, be finer than that in which the Hiſtory of Lewis the Fourteenth is wrote. I read every paragraph three or four times over, to ſuch a degree do I admire it: every ſentence is ſtriking, it every where abounds with admirable reflexions: there is not a falſe thought in it, there is nothing in it any way puerile, and its impartiality is unexceptionable. When I have read the work thro', I ſhall ſend you a few remarks upon it, amongſt the reſt, upon the German names which you have a little diſfigur'd, this might render the work ſomewhat obſcure, as ſome of them are ſo diſguis'd, that we are puzzled to gueſs at them.

I wiſh every work capable of conveying inſtruction, was to come from your pen. We ſhould then be ſure of being improv'd by the books we read.

I ſome-

I ſometimes am vex'd at the puerilities, the trivial remarks, and the dry ſtyle of certain books. Theſe things readers are often oblig'd to digeſt. You ſpare your readers that trouble. Let a man have judgment or not, he is equally improv'd by your works: he has no occaſion for any thing but memory. Pray, my dear friend, tell me how you paſs your time at Cirey, 'tis a retreat which I envy you.

The

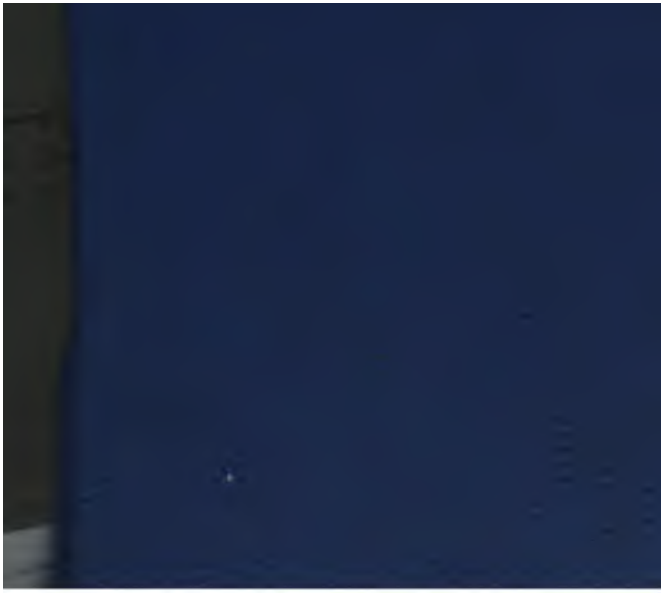
The ANSWER.

YOU aſk me, and I'll tell in rhyme,
How we at Cirey paſs our time:
What need I to you this relate,
Our maſter, you we imitate:
From you we've learn'd the wiſeſt rules,
Taught in fam'd Epicurus' ſchools.
We here all ſacrifice like you,
To every art and nature too.
And yet we but at diſtance follow
Your ſteps tho' guided by Apollo.
Thus when the brilliant god of day
Caſts from heav'n's height a ſhining ray,
Upon ſome chamber dark as night,
Of thoſe bleſt rays the ſhining light,
The chambers deep obſcure pervades
And diſſipate the gloomy ſhades,
Then the ſpectators caſt their eyes on
A miniature of the horizon.
Such a compariſon may ſhew
That ſome philoſophy I know,

That I've read Newton and Kirkherus,
Authors both learn'd, profound and ſerious.
Perhaps my muſe this tone aſſuming,
May be by many thought preſuming;
Perhaps I ſpoil at the ſame time
As well philoſophy as rhyme,
But novelties have charms for me
From laws poëtic I'd be free;
Let others in their lyric lays
Say the ſame thing a thouſand ways,
The world with antient fables tire,
I new and ſtriking truths admire.
Ye deities ador'd by ſwains,
Neyads and nymphs that trip the plains,
Satyrs to dancing ſtill inclin'd,
Ye boys call'd Cupids by mankind,
Who whilſt our meadows bloom in ſpring,
Inſpire men love's ſoft joys to ſing,
Aſſiſt a poet with your ſkill,
The charms 'twixt ſenſe and rhyme to fill.
Th' enchanting pleaſures well I know
Which from harmonious numbers flow;
The ear's a paſſage to the heart,
Sound can to thought new charms impart;

But

...s's I muſt prefer
' even nobly wild they err,
...ts whoſe exact diſcourſe,
id of genius as of force.
ens where ſymmetry's diſplay'd,
s which in rows yield equal ſhade,
thus arrang'd you on the plain
boaſt his art and ſkill in vain:
dens from you I muſt retire,
much of art I can't admire.
The ſpacious foreſt ſuits my mind,
Where nature wanders unconfin'd,
Its ſhades with awe ſpectators fill,
They baffle all the artiſt's ſkill.
But in my free and artleſs ſtrain,
Nature I imitate in vain,
Tho' wild, I can't like nature pleaſe,
I can't boaſt charming nature's eaſe.
This rhapſody great prince excuſe,
'Tis but the ſally of my muſe,
Reaſon had o'er me loſt her ſway,
When I compos'd this hurry'd lay,
Judgment was from my breaſt expell'd,
For fair Emilia I beheld.

END of the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME.

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